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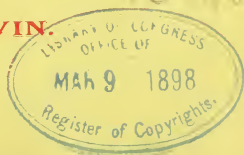
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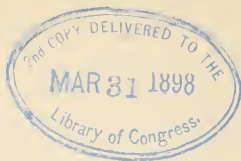
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And Stories of Hunting and Fishing

By H. L. GOODWIN.

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MAINE WOODS

AND

WATER FOLK,

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Stories of Hunting and Fishing.

✓
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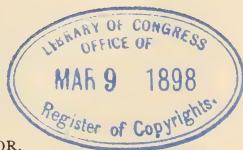
Known to the Sporting World as "WINCHESTER,"

Correspondent for many publications.

FARMINGTON, MAINE:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR,

1898.

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INTRODUCTION.

To Sportsmen and Sportswomen who visit Maine :

Day by day, month by month and year by year hunting and fishing, supplemented in thousands of cases by amateur photography and bicycling, are becoming more and more attractive to all people who are lovers of nature and its beauties, whether they be eminent clergymen, college presidents, makers of our national laws, or humble laborers; whether they be men or women, young or old. Throughout the United States, and more particularly in the east, these sports are rapidly growing in popularity, and this is likely to continue, as long as the present fish and game conditions remain, or rather as long as the supply of fish and game is equal to the demand.

The forests of Maine are acknowledged far and near as a paradise for sportsmen, and that the Maine fish and game preserves are superior to any other similar preserves in the eastern states is well known to sportsmen and to the public in general. The public press has set forth the advantages to be found in this state by the sportsman and sportswoman, and is continually reporting the new records of fish and game taken in the localities where they are found. This is particularly true of the sporting papers which make a specialty of hunting and fishing; still the whole story has never been told.

The object of this book is to convey reliable information in regard to the different localities in the state of Maine where the more popular game animals and fish are found, and at the same time to interest and amuse the reader.

The writer has visited the larger portion of the resorts of prominence in the state, and has endeavored to say the right thing about such as particularly deserve special mention. I do not pretend to say that every resort has been mentioned, for this would not be true, though I have endeavored to slight none of the larger ones, and to mention as many of the smaller as possible.

Doubtless I have expressed opinions that will not always be agreed

with, but these opinions are largely based on the opinions of others, whose words should bear weight, and the theories here advanced are chiefly those of the oldest and best guides in the state.

The stories and incidents related in this volume are true in the main, though in some instances names and dates have been changed at the request of those most interested.

I hope that this book will prove of some interest to those who are fond of hunting and fishing, and of out-of-doors life, whether they are annual visitors to Maine or not, and that some new facts may be learned from its reading. Should this prove the case, my efforts will not be without success.

Faternally yours,

H. L. GOODWIN.

Farmington, Maine, March 10, 1898.

PART I.

IN EARLY DAYS.



IF we are to believe the early New England traditions, as we certainly must, what is now the state of Maine must have been, when first visited by civilized man, a veritable paradise, a fair rival to the ancient Garden of Eden, when viewed from the standpoint of the modern sportsman, whose greatest joys are associated with the sylvan wilds.

The present state of Maine is a portion, and a very small portion at that, of a large territory, called "Norumbega" by the early settlers, and which was spoken of by many of the earliest writers as "Mavosheen." It was given its present name in 1639, when it was designated as the "Province of Mayne," though it did not become an independent state until 1820.

The whole territory was then one vast forest, full of beasts and birds of all kinds adapted to the climate, including hundreds of thousands of the game birds and animals now so eagerly sought by the tourist sportsmen who come here annually during the summer and autumn months. The lakes, rivers, and even the little brooks were teeming with trout and fish of all kinds, which the red men were wont to catch by their own peculiar methods with a skill which was the admiration and envy of the early pioneers.

The greatest width of the state, from Quoddy Head to the New Hampshire line is 200 miles, and from Kittery to the north-eastern corner of the state is about 350 miles. The entire length of the shore line is 226 miles. The area of Maine is 31,776 square miles, or 20,320,240 acres, and

nearly one-half of this territory is yet unimproved by the hand of man. Just think of it, about 15,000 square miles of nature practically unaltered by the hand of man, in Maine alone.

The state is noted for its mountainous character, and its wonderful pine forests have given it the familiar name, the "Pine Tree State," by which it is known all over the world.

Maine is officially credited with 5151 rivers and smaller streams, which number does not, of course, include the innumerable branches spreading out in all directions. The latest reliable maps account for some 1600 lakes and ponds in the state, with a combined territory of about 2200 square miles, nearly all of which now contain fish in greater or less numbers, which are suitable for food; and in some localities these fish are an important item in the food supply of the poorer people.

The variety of trees, shrubs and plants which go to make up the forests, is truly remarkable. There are scores of plants suitable for food, and a man who is a true woodsman need never suffer from hunger in the northern forests, in summer or autumn, though he have no means of procuring game or fish of any kind. Hunters and trappers, particularly when the country was first settled, sometimes, at certain seasons of the year, subsisted for weeks and even months, almost entirely upon roots, fruits and other portions of wild plants, which were and still are healthful, nutritious and pleasant to the taste. Some scientists think there are from 75 to 100 species of plant life in the state, which are still undiscovered.

The beauties of the forests of Maine cannot be described, were one to try; they must be seen and enjoyed to be appreciated. The forests are full of life and animation, and the lover of the beautiful in God's creation, will find new delights every moment that he spends with nature.





IN EARLY DAYS.

ANIMALS NATIVE IN MAINE.



THE following is a list of the animals that may be called natives of the state of Maine, though there are two or three species here named that are now seldom if ever seen by hunters or sportsmen, within the limits of the state.

Order I of Mammals.—Marsupiated. None in Maine.

Order II.—Cheiroptera (bats). Common bat, hoary bat.

Order III.—Insectivora (insect eaters). Mole shrew, star-nosed shrew, Thompson's shrew.

Order IV.—Carnivora (flesh eaters). Panther or catamount, loup-cervier or lynx, gray wolf, red fox, silver fox, fisher cat, sable (pine marten), brown weasel, ermine, black mink, otter, skunk, raccoon, black bear, common seal, hooded seal.

Order V.—Rodentia (gnawers). Red squirrel, gray squirrel, flying squirrel, striped squirrel (chipmunk), woodchuck, beaver, jumping mouse, white-footed mouse, hamster mouse, red-backed mouse, muskrat, porcupine (hedgehog), white rabbit (*lepus Americanus*).

Order VI.—Ruminantia (ruminant animals). Moose, caribou, deer.

Order VII.—Cetacea (air-breathing warm-blooded sea animals). Right whale, beaked rorqual, northern rorqual, black fish, porpoise, grampus.

The animals most hunted by sportsmen are the moose, deer, caribou, black bear and fox, though a good many other game animals are hunted and trapped each year.

BIRDS NATIVE IN MAINE.

THE golden eagle, and very likely several other species of birds mentioned in this list, as natives of Maine, are not known to exist in the state at the present time, though there was a time when they were quite common. If the name of any bird native to the state has been omitted, it is from lack of knowledge of the existence here of the species.

Division I.—Raptores (robbers). Golden eagle, white headed eagle, fish hawk or osprey, great horned owl, mottled owl, long eared owl, great brown owl, barred owl, tengmalius owl, saw-whet owl, snowy owl, duck hawk or large-footed hawk, pigeon hawk, falcon, sparrow hawk, American goshawk, sharp-shinned hawk, red-tailed hawk, red-shouldered hawk, broad-winged hawk, marsh hawk.

Division II.—Incessors (perchers). Robin, redstart, wood pewee or phebe bird, great crested fly-catcher, kingbird, kingfisher, chimney swallow, barn swallow, tree swallow, bank swallow, cliff swallow, martin bird, night hawk, whip-poor-will, hummingbird, hermit thrush, olive-back thrush, water thrush, tit-lark, Canada fly-catcher, least fly-catcher, Traill's fly-catcher, yellow-bellied fly-catcher, olive-sided fly-catcher, Wilson's blackcap, yellow rump warbler, black-poll warbler, chestnut-sided warbler, black-throated warbler, Cape May warbler, Blackburnian warbler, yellow-poll warbler, red-poll warbler, black and yellow warbler, mourning warbler, Maryland yellow-throat warbler, winter wren, American gold-crowned wren, bluebird, brown creeper, black and white creeper, black cap titmouse, Hudson's bay tit, red-eyed vireo, cedar bird, Bohemian chatterer, shrike or butcher-bird, scarlet tanager, indigo bird, catbird, white-bellied nuthatch, red-bellied nuthatch, pine grosbeak, blue grosbeak, purple finch, yellowbird, pine finch, red crossbill, white-winged crossbill, lesser red-poll, bobolink, red-winged blackbird, crow blackbird, rusty blackbird, orchard oriole, Baltimore oriole, raven, crow, blue jay, Canada jay, snow bunting, Lapland longspur, shore lark, baywing bunting, white-throated sparrow, chipbird or little blue snowbird, fur-colored

sparrow, tree sparrow, swamp sparrow, white-crowned sparrow, yellow-winged sparrow, Savannah sparrow, yellowbill cuckoo, black cuckoo.

Division III.—Scansores (climbers). Pileated or black woodcock, golden-winged woodpecker, yellow-bellied woodpecker, black-back three-toed woodpecker, downy woodpecker, hairy woodpecker.

Division IV.—Gyratores (whirlers). Wild pigeon, long-tailed or Carolina dove.

Division V.—Rasores (scratchers). Ruffed grouse or birch partridge, Canada grouse or spruce partridge.

Division VI.—Grallatores (waders). Blue heron or crane, stake driver or bittern, green heron, night heron or qua bird, golden plover, kildeer plover, piping plover, black-bellied plover, ring plover, ash-colored sandpiper, red-backed sandpiper, semi-palmated sandpiper, least sandpiper, pectoral sandpiper, purple sandpiper, sanderling sandpiper, spotted sandpiper, dotted sandpiper, solitary sandpiper, willet, yellow-legs, tell tale, northern phalarope, Hudsonian godwit, curlew sandpiper, American snipe, red-breasted snipe, woodcock, long-billed curlew, ruff, sora or common rail, coot or mud hen.

Division VII.—Anatores (swimmers). Canada goose, brant goose, mallard, dusky duck, pintail duck, green-winged teal, shoveler, gray duck or gadwell, widgeon, wood duck or summer duck, scaup or black head, ring neck, whistler or golden eye, buffle-headed duck, harlequin duck, old squaw or long tailed duck, American scoter, eider duck, gossander or sheldrake, red-breasted sheldrake, hooded sheldrake or merganser, stormy petrel or Mother Cary's chicken, Leach's petrel, great shear-water, gannet, Mank's shear-water, Wilson's tern, Bonaparte gull, black-headed gull, burgomaster gull, herring gull, black-back gull, American gull, Arctic jager, cormorant, loon, red-throat loon, red-neck grebe, razor-bill auk, puffin or sea parrot, murre or guillemot, white-winged guillemot.



FISHES NATIVE IN MAINE.



THE fish industry of the state of Maine has always been an important one, and there was a time long ago when it undoubtedly was the most important of all Maine industries. But that is of the past.

Of all the fish found in Maine waters, inland or otherwise, the salmon is king, and properly receives the greatest attention from the commissioners and from private fish and game associations, though the brook trout (*salmo fontinalis*), may be called a close second in popularity. These two fish are bred at the different hatcheries in the state and are distributed in great numbers in the bodies of water which are suitable for their growth, and where protection from poaching is assured, throughout the state.

Salmon and trout are the fish which draw the anglers from the heat of the city to the cool breezes of the forest, though black bass, white perch and pickerel, as well as some other varieties of fresh water fish make excellent sport, and are often fished for by the sportsman, while they afford much delight to the small boy from the farm, who is so unfortunate as to live at some distance from a good trout or salmon fishing ground.

Shore fishing is indulged in to some extent by the sportsmen and tourists, though that sort of fishing is left mostly to the fisherman who gets his living in that way. And a pretty good living it is the Maine fisherman gets, as a rule, at least.

The following classification of fish found in Maine inland and shore waters was made by Prof. Gill, (with a few additions and changes,) and is believed to be accurate. Doubtless some of the class names will sound large, but they are correct.

Sub-class Toleostei, *Muller*. Order Teleocephali, *Gill*. Sub-order,

Physoclisti, *Bona*. Pecoid Family.—Yellow or brindle perch, striped bass, white perch, bream (flat fish), red-tailed bream.

Sparoids.—Big porgie.

Sclenoids.—Weakfish—squeteague.

Scombroids.—Spring mackerel, fall mackerel, tunney or horse mackerel, Spanish mackerel.

Caranginoids.—Blunt-nose shiner.

Seriolinoids.—Blue fish.

Scomberesocoids.—Bill fish.

Gasterostoids.—Many-spined stickleback.

Atherinoids.—Silverside.

Scorpenoids.—Norway haddock, sea raven.

Copoids.—Sculpin (Greenland bullhead), common sculpin or bullhead, Labrador or northern sculpin.

Agonoids.—American aspidophore.

Trigluids.—Sea swallow.

Batrachoids.—Toad fish.

Blerinoids.—Radiated shanney, butter fish.

Zoarceoids.—Thick-lipped ell pout.

Anarrichoids.—Sea wolf.

Cryptocanthoids.—Spotted wry-mouth.

Lophioids.—Angler-geese fish.

Sub-order Anacanthini, *Muller*. Gadoids.—Codfish, frost-fish (tomcod), haddock, pollock, hake, cusk.

Phycinoids.—American codling.

Ophidioids.—New York Ophidium.

Sub-order Pharyngonathi, *Muller*. Labroids.—Tautog (blackfish), cunner.

Sub-order Heterosma, *Bona*. Pleuronectoids.—Halibut, toothed flatfish (summer flounder) flounder.

Sub-order Physostomi, *Muller*. Cyprinoids.—Goldfish (golden carp). shiner, redfin,

Catastomoids.—Common sucker.

Cyprinodonts.—Minnow (killfish).

Esocoids.—Common pickerel.

Salmonoids.—Sea salmon, land-locked salmon, brook trout, Sebago trout, lake trout or togue, red-bellied trout, blueback trout, brown trout, whitefish, smelt.

Clupeoids.—Herring, English herring, common shad, alewife. menhaden (pogy).

Engranlinoids.—Anchovy.

Order Apodes. Anguiloideis.—Common eel.

Order Lemniscati, *Kaup*. Leptocephalus.—Thinhead.

Order Nematognathi, *Gill*. Pimeloids.—Hornpout.

Sub-class Ganoidei (ag.), *Muller*. Order Chondrostei, *Muller*. Sturionoids.—Sturgeon.

Sub-class Elasmobranchii, *Bona*. Order Plagiostomi, *Cuvier*. Suborder Squali (*Muller*), *Gill*. Cetorhinoids.—Basking shark.

Scymnoids. Sleeper.

Sub-class Dermopteri, *Owen*. Order Hyperoarth, *Bona*. Petromyzotoids, *Bona*.—Lamper eel.

Most of these fish are not half as bad as the names of their order and class make them appear, but if the scientific names of some of the fish themselves were given, I fear the reader would never get beyond the present chapter of this book. For this reason they are omitted.



IMPORTED GAME BIRDS.

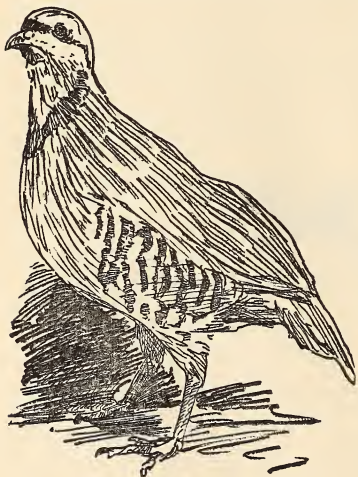
SEVERAL years ago, through the influence of the Maine Game and Protective association, of which Mr. Edward G. Gay of Farmington was then the president, several specimens of the capercailzie and black game of Sweden were imported to Maine.

Attention to these splendid game birds was first brought to the sportsmen of Maine by Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., of Portland, who was then minister to Sweden. He had observed the habits of these birds with much interest, from the standpoint of a true sportsman, had hunted them in their native forests, and was convinced from the climate and their

habits, that both capercailzie and the black game could be made to thrive in Maine, and that they would be a valuable addition to the game birds of the state.

The first specimens of the capercailzie and black game were liberated on Mt. Desert island, where they wintered well the first year, and are now thriving and increasing, with good prospect that in a few years they will be plentiful on the island, and will afford excellent opportunities for hunting.

Since that time more birds have been liberated in the town of New Sweden, in Aroostook county. The inhabitants of this town are all,



THE CHUKOR PARTRIDGE.

or at least nearly all natives of Sweden, who have a great love for the birds of their native land, and who are doing everything in their power to promote the welfare of their feathered friends.

The wisdom of placing these birds in a section of the state inhabited by natives of the same country has been proven, and as the climate and food conditions in New Sweden are almost exactly the same as in Sweden itself, there is little danger that the birds will not live and thrive, and breed almost as well as in their native land.

As a food bird the capercaillie is said by those who are familiar with it, to have no equal among the birds native in Maine, and it is also said that its cousin, the black game, is but little behind in this respect. These birds are now protected by law, and will continue to be until they have bred sufficiently to make their extermination or material decrease in numbers, by hunting, practically an impossibility.

The matter of introducing the couckor partridge of India to the woods of Maine has been considerably discussed for several years, and the Mongolian pheasant, which has proved a success in Massachusetts and other states, has been considered for the same purpose, but neither of these birds has yet been liberated in Maine. It is thought that the chuckor partridge would do well in this climate, as it has in some of the western states, and it is considered a very desirable bird by sportsmen. It is very similar to the ordinary birch partridge or ruffed grouse, though different in several respects.

On the whole the Mongolian pheasant is not considered desirable in this climate, and there is no probability that it will be brought into Maine, very, soon, at least.

With the imported birds added to the native game birds, a few years from now the lover of bird hunting will not lack for game.



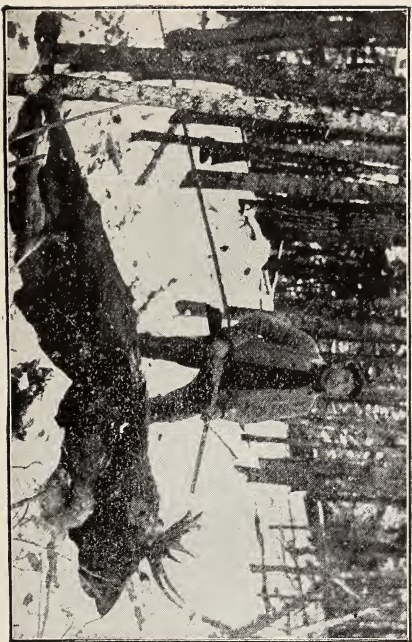
THE NOBLEST IN THE WOOD.



COMPARATIVELY few of the sportsmen who are in the habit of visiting the wild regions of Maine annually in search of large game are well posted upon the habits and methods of living of the king of all American game of today, the moose, and the public at large is totally unfamiliar with the animal. The moose is the most eagerly sought after of all the game which abounds in the forests of this state, and the hunter who has just experienced the delight of killing his first moose has attained the height of earthly enjoyment, for him, unless he hunts larger game in eastern countries. He may afterwards kill many more moose, but no other seems quite like the first, as every hunter who has experienced the sensation well knows.

The average sportsman, after his first successful hunting trip, usually considers himself a marvel of wisdom on the subject, but as he hunts he learns how little he really does know. It requires years of experience and observation to make a really successful big game hunter, without the assistance of a guide, even when the game is as abundant as it is now getting to be. Of course it is a common thing for an amateur to get a deer, or even two deer, and occasionally a moose is brought down in this way, but it is rare, exceedingly rare that a full grown moose is killed, except after days of hard hunting.

That deer have been rapidly increasing in numbers for a number of years is an established fact, and a matter of common knowledge, but there is a difference of opinion regarding moose and caribou. I have given the matter careful study, seeking opinions and information from about every available source, of value, and have formed the opinion, based on information obtained from guides and sportsmen in all parts of the state where the animals are found, that the caribou is barely holding its own, but that the moose, under the present law is, and will continue to increase,



MOOSE SHOT AT LOWER DEAD RIVER, 1896, BY L. A. BUMP OF WILTON.



MOUNTED CARIBOU.



LOCKED DEER HEADS—SEE PAGE 33.



BRINGING IN A DEER AT MACWAHOC.

slowly, perhaps, but none the less surely. In some localities there is an apparent decrease, but in other parts of the state there is an overbalancing increase. That there is a general increase I am convinced.

The law prohibiting the killing of cow moose and calves, and clauses protecting bull moose, deer and caribou will, doubtless tend to materially increase the game, and consequently add to the great annual revenue received from the sportsmen who come here from other states.

The reports of sportsmen returning from the forests with trophies of their valor and skill, especially if it be their first successful trip, are less to be relied upon than the battle-scarred veterans who have made their homes in the forests for many years, subsisting largely upon the flesh of bear, moose and other animals killed by them frequently after a long chase and hard fight; and their stories differ materially.

The old veterans claim, and truthfully, that a moose cannot be killed easily by any amateur who happens along, but much patience must first be brought into play before even a shot at a moose may be had. Even then the chances are more than even against success. Many moose are hit and still escape from the hunter, to recover, or to die in some secluded spot in the forest. I have found that a .50 calibre bullet is none too large for effective work in shooting moose. I think, however, that 95 grains of black powder is all that is necessary, and I fail to see any great advantage in smokeless powders. The new small bore rifles are not in great favor for moose hunting, in Maine at least, and not many who come here prefer them even for the smaller game. The .38-55 is the smallest cartridge much used here, so far as I have been able to observe from a tour including all the hunting sections of the state. Probably more than 50 per cent. of the animals fired at by inexperienced hunters are unharmed.

In the late fall the hunter, in looking for moose signs, must be guided almost entirely by the breaking of twigs and buds on the trees and bushes, particularly maple, birch, willow, and similar trees. It will also be noticed by the hunter, if he be at all observant, that small patches of bark are gnawed off once in a while. If these signs are found upon the low lands they will in nearly every case lead to or in the direction of some near-by mountain, and after the signs have been followed a few miles it is easy for the hunter of experience to determine which of the mountains that may be in range of the vision, the moose is making for. It is believed that the bull moose, who live, in the summer, on the mountain sides, isolated from the herds, while they are waiting for their antlers

to grow and harden, and the velvet to form, select a place for the yard for the coming winter, and lead the herd to the selected spot later in the fall.

It is at this season of the year that the experienced and thoroughly trained guide uses birch-bark "moose calls" to good advantage.

Moose usually yard on the northern side of the highest mountain at hand, their instinct telling them that they will avoid the intermittent thaws and freezes of the cold winter months. When once settled in their winter quarters they remain there, or at least near by, until spring, unless they are frightened away. In feeding they wander about as little as possible. They usually commence at the foot of the mountain and work up the side of the ridge, back and forth, and before the snow gets to its full winter depth, reach the summit, and work down the sides of the mountain while the snow is deep. They gnaw the bark from every small tree in their path, as high as they can reach, some ten or twelve feet, by standing on their hind feet and placing their forward knees against the tree, in what seems to me a very awkward position.

When the denizens of any yard become frightened by the approach of hunters they usually take different courses in their flight, the bulls going in one general direction and the cows and calves in another, though two animals, unless it be a cow and a calf, seldom travel together. It is usually customary for them to head for yards occupied by other moose, though they do not always do so. In fact it is hard to judge just what they will do in a case like this.

Moose are sometimes shot in their yards, but usually most of them get away. The hunter, however, who finds a moose yard can invariably get his bull if he has sufficient patience and endurance. Any moose that lives in the forest can be walked or run down in five consecutive days if one can follow the trail without difficulty, and will keep everlastingly on the go. If a hunter contemplates getting a moose in this way, unless he is a skilled tracker himself, he should employ a competent guide.

Mr. Andrew S. Douglass of Eustis, the veteran moose hunter, who is familiarly known to sportsmen all over the country as "Doug" or "Old Doug" claims to be and doubtless is the pioneer hunter after this manner.

At all events he is always successful, never failing to get his moose. He can easily tell by the trail, whether it a bull or a cow he is following, and has never been known to make an error in this respect.

Joe St. Ober of Eustis and Joe Francis of Oldtown, both of whom have Indian blood in their veins, are experts in this style of moose hunting

The latter is considered the best man in the state of Maine with the "moose call."

A hunter after starting on a hunt of this kind, will be astonished at the number of moose tracks he will come across, and the difficulty he will experience in following the particular trail he is on. That is what makes a very superior knowledge of woodcraft so essential.

The first three days of the chase the moose will be found to travel along at a rapid gait, and the hunter will be obliged to go on at his best pace, sleeping on the trail and being up on the move as early as it is light enough to follow the trail. The third day the feet of the moose will begin to bleed, and the fourth day and the fifth they will be so sore and tender that he can travel but very slowly, and by the end of the fifth day they will be so worn that he can travel no longer, and he will lie down and await the approach of his enemy—man.

When the hunter comes upon the disabled moose, he will stagger to his feet and make a brave fight, but a single shot from a modern rifle will usually end it all.

One writer, speaking of the yarding of moose, well says: "No one can imagine the appearance of the fresh works of a moose yard in winter—their well-trodden paths in the snow in every direction, and the bright, new wood as far as the eye can reach—and the sensation of knowing that you are in the immediate vicinity of the largest game of the forest, perhaps within easy range."

It is safe to say, without fear of contradiction, that moose are seen in greater numbers in both Aroostook and Franklin counties, as well as in other sections of the state, this year, than have been seen any year since Maine became a popular resort for lovers of hunting, and I believe that the records will show that more bulls were shot last season, than in any previous season. It is a matter for congratulation that there are so few cases of illegal shooting brought to light, and that the punishment is so sure and speedy, though of course there is still a good deal of this poaching that is never heard of. It is not the fault of the officials, however, that every offender is not promptly punished.

There is no doubt that the moose is breeding much more rapidly than he is being killed off by hunters and guides, who as a rule are as law-loving and law-abiding a class of citizens as can be found anywhere. I am convinced that a large amount of big game is killed for use as food in the logging camps and back settlements, but I do not think this is as true to such

an extent as a few years ago, and I think the game killed for this purpose is very largely deer.

One occasionally hears of a moose weighing 1400 or even 1600 lbs., but in my opinion these monsters exist only in the eye of the excited hunter. A moose weighing 800 lbs. is a very large one and those that weigh 1000 lbs. are rare indeed. Mr. T. D. M. Cardeza of Philadelphia is probably the owner of the largest pair of antlers ever secured in Maine, at least they are the largest pair I ever heard of. They have a spread of 62 inches, two inches larger than the famous pair belonging to Mr. C. Hazeltine of Belfast, which has held the record for a long, long time. Mr. Cardeza shot his moose at the foot of Chesuncook Lake, in Piscataquis county, early in November, 1895. For several years, until the fall of 1896, the Prince of Wales has been the happy owner of the moose head with the largest number of points on the antlers, of any head in the world, but now that honor belongs to Dr. G. H. Gray of Lynn, Mass., who shot a moose with more points on its headgear, in Aroostook county in November, 1896. One of the antlers has 20 points and the other 17. The antlers belonging to the Prince of Wales have 16 and 18 points.

Mr. Nathan B. Moore of Bingham, one of the leading authorities on the Maine moose, may aptly be quoted as follows:

"I do not think it is generally known that several varieties of moose are found in our state. When I was twelve years of age my father took me with him on a hunting trip. During our hunt he shot a moose. I remember very distinctly how the big fellow looked as we towed him ashore from the pond where he was killed. He was gray in color with a long, thin body and very long legs, looking as though he would be a hard animal to run down. For several years this was the only variety of moose seen in the Maine woods, but later there appeared what seemed to be an entirely different type, which had a short, thick body, short legs, and hair almost black. In general form they were much more like our domestic cattle than the gray moose. Soon after this moose appeared I began to meet another type which seemed to be a cross between the two varieties, as he no doubt was. The fourth and last moose to appear was the bell moose, so called from the fleshy appendage which hangs from the neck, somewhat resembling a bell. These four types mentioned are all to be found in Maine to-day.

"Another point not generally known about moose is in relation to the growth of their antlers. They do not grow evenly upon each side, like those of deer and caribou, as one will always be found having an extra

prong. Their order of growth is as follows: The first year the moose has no antlers, but the second year he has a straight spike on each side, and at that time he is the hardest to run down, the antlers not being of sufficient size to interfere with his flight through the woods; the third year one antler is straight, the other being divided, and as a prong thereafter added each year, the same relation is always maintained between the antlers—one always possessing a branch more than its mate. The antlers are generally dropped in January, especially if heavy and their bearer is in good flesh. I have killed moose as late as April with their antlers on, but they were always thin, with the appearance of having passed a hard winter."

While it is true that the number of prongs on the two antlers is never the same, I do not think the writer quoted is entirely correct for of many sets of antlers I have examined, several had two or three more prongs on one side than on the other.



MOOSE CALLING.

THE moose is a noble animal, and any method of hunting him through the deep forests, over mountain and through peaceful valley, is full of keen interest, enjoyment and excitement. But of all methods of hunting this grand animal, the method known as "moose calling" stands out alone and pre-eminent in the mind of the hunter, though the present laws of the state of Maine interfere greatly with this method. Moose calling can not be done successfully after cold weather sets in, and is best done during the month of September.

The other forms of moose hunting are doubtless more attractive in many ways, but the hunter's nerves never thrill with quite the same sensation as when standing by the little opening where he has been calling, with the solitude and loneliness of the forest all about him, he hears the deep and oppressive silence suddenly broken by an angry roar, and then the crashing rush of the angry beast, making straight for the spot where he stands.

Still hunting for moose is not as a rule a very successful method, and while it means a certain testing of a man's power of endurance, as in tracking upon the first snows, it is not filled with the thrilling excitement that accompanies the night calling, when the nerves are drawn to such a tension that the discomforts of remaining perfectly quiet, without even daring to stamp the feet or thrash the hands to keep them warm, are unheeded. The impressiveness of the first call of the bull moose, in answer to the deceptive note of the birch-bark "moose call" is tremendous, and no hunter ever yet forgot the first time he heard that sound. It is an experience ever to be remembered. To hear that trumpet call is worth taking a long journey.

The moose begins to mate early in September, and then the bulls grow savage and uncertain in temper, often getting into dangerous moods and cutting up queer tricks. At such times it is dangerous to approach a bull, either in the daytime or at night, without a good deal of care. The call may simply alarm him and send him off on the run, or it may fill

him with rage and bring him down upon you, ready to attack the first living thing that comes in his way. The danger and uncertainty lends an extra charm to this method of hunting, and the hunter who has once successfully used the call will never think of murdering the noble beast in the deep winter snow.

The call of the cow moose, which the hunter must always use first, is a low, sudden bellow, quite beyond the description of tongue or pen, though once heard it will never be forgotten. It seems to break out in the woods all at once, and is gone so quickly that one is surprised, and wonders if he really did hear anything. I have heard the call described many times, but never yet saw a person who was able to convey to a listener a true idea of what it really is. Like a tree falling, like a cow, like the swell of a cataract or the rapids at night, like a shot from a heavy rifle, or the shout of a man in the distance—these are some of the descriptions I have heard, and yet it really sounds like none of these. Perhaps it sounds as much like the report of a gun in a heavy fog as anything, except the bellow of another cow—for they all sound exactly alike.

This single, low, indefinite bellow is heard early in the mating season, and later it is more prolonged and definite, often repeated two or three times in quick succession, like this—M'wish! M'wāah'uh! M'wā-a-a-a! The best hunters use these sounds in their calling, and at the right season they are nearly always successful. The first call is short and abrupt and is accompanied by a peculiar rolling motion of the head to give the proper tone. After an interval of a few seconds the sound is repeated, the middle sound being slightly prolonged with a slower roll of the head. Two or three seconds after, with the mouth of the birch bark trumpet almost on the ground, the last call begins. It is a plaintive, pleading bellow, long drawn out, while the mouth of the trumpet describes two or three wide circles in the air. The call should be repeated at the end of half an hour—not sooner.

The answer of the bull varies but little, though it is easier to imitate. It is more like a short, hoarse grunting sort of roar than anything else, and is frightfully ugly when heard close at hand. The call varies with the moods of the bull, though it sounds ugly at best. Sometimes when a bull is shy and the hunter thinks him to be near and listening, he follows the call of the cow with the short roar of a bull, hoping to excite the jealousy of the waiting bull. If it has this effect and the bull answers, then it is time to look out, for he is sure to be in one of his worst moods.

Like man, the moose is made furious by jealousy, and is ready to

attack anything in his path, and at such times he is a most dangerous beast to encounter.

The trumpet with which the calling is done is nothing but a piece of birch bark, rolled into the shape of a cone, with the smooth side in. It usually is fifteen or sixteen inches in length, and from four to five inches in diameter at the larger end, tapering down to about an inch at the smaller end. The right hand closes around the small end, forming the mouthpiece. Into this the hunter grunts, bellows and roars, and at the same time keeps swinging the trumpet's mouth in great sweeping curves, to imitate the peculiar rolling sound of the cow's call. If the bull is supposed or known to be near and suspicious, the sound is deadened by holding the mouth of the trumpet close to the ground, and in this way, in my opinion, the call of the cow moose is best imitated.

The calling season begins early in September and in this state lasts six or seven weeks, and the calling can best be done with success on a calm night, when noises of the wind do not interfere with the hunter. When the moose first hears the call, if he feels inclined to investigate, he makes a complete circle around the spot where he heard the call, and if there is even a slight breeze, he will scent danger at once, and the game is up. Moonlight is essential, for moose cannot be called when it is very dark, though they are frequently called just at dusk, or just as the sun is rising in the morning. Late on a moonlight night is the best time for this sort of moose hunting, however.

Moose calling is most successfully and easily done from a canoe, on some quiet lake or river, if the locality will permit, then, from whatever direction the answering bull may come, the canoe may be paddled into the shadow of the opposite bank. If no such body of water is conveniently situated, a thicket in the midst of an open spot in the forest is a good place to locate. Here the hunter can prepare himself a warm nest and make himself as comfortable as may be, even though the mercury may be well down in the thermometer. The moose is never at home except in the thick woods, and he cannot often be called far into the open land or small growth, and the denser the forest, the better he likes it.

One well known writer tells of a thrilling incident in which an Indian guide, Alec, was one of the leading characters, in about the following language:

"He was calling one night from a thicket near the middle of a narrow barren. No answer came, though for an hour or more he felt quite sure that a bull was near and listening. He was about to try the roar of the

bull, when the creature suddenly burst out of the woods behind the two men, in exactly the opposite direction from the quarter they were watching, and in which they believed their game to be hidden. Alec started to creep across the thicket, but on the instant a second challenge rang out fiercely in front of them, and directly across the open they saw the underbrush sway violently, as the bull they had long suspected broke out in a towering rage, grunting and grinding his teeth, and thrashing the bushes with his great antlers.

"He was slowly advancing, however, and Alec crept rapidly to the other side of the thicket, where a moment later, his excited hiss called his companion. From the opposite fringe of forest the second bull hurled himself out, and was plunging with savage roars, straight towards them. Crouching low among the firs, they awaited his headlong rush—not without many a startled glance backward, and a very uncomfortable sense of being trapped and frightened, as Alec confessed to me in confidence. He had left his gun in camp; his employer had insisted upon it in his eagerness to kill the moose himself. The bull had come rapidly within rifle shot. In a minute more he would be in the thicket, and already the rifle sight was trying to cover a vital spot, when right behind them—at the thicket's edge it seemed—a frightful roar brought them to their feet with a bound.

"A second later the rifle was laying among the bushes, and a frightened hunter was scratching and smashing in a desperate hurry up among the branches of a low spruce, as if only the tip-top was half high enough. Alec was nowhere to be seen—unless one had the eyes of an owl to find him down among the roots of a big windfall. But the first moose rushed straight through the thicket without looking up or down, and out on the barren a tremendous struggle began. There was a few minutes of confused uproar—of savage grunts, grinding teeth, pounding hoofs and clashing antlers, with a hoarse undertone of labored breathing. Then the excitement of the fight was too strong to be resisted, and a dark form wriggled out from among the roots, only to stretch itself flat under a low fir, and look out with flashing eyes at the struggling brutes not thirty feet away. Three times Alec hissed for the white man employer to come down, but that gentleman was safe astride the highest branch that would bear his weight, with no desire, evidently, for a better view of the fight.

"Then Alec found the rifle among the bushes, and waiting till the bulls backed away for one of their furious charges, he brought the larger one to his knees with a bullet through the shoulders. The second stood

startled an instant, with raised head and muscles quivering—then dashed away across the barren and into the forest.”

Such encounters as these are often numbered among the tragedies of the great wilderness, and in tramping through the forest one sometimes finds two sets of huge antlers firmly locked together, and scattered among the underbrush near by, white bones which have been picked clean by wildcats and prowling foxes or other animals. The story of an encounter is told without need of written history.

Here is another anecdote that may well be repeated at this time :

“The first time I ever tried calling brought a startling response. It was when fishing, late one August afternoon, in a narrow arm of a lake in northern Maine, that I put into practice some of the teachings of my Indian guide. My first call brought down a savage old bull that chased me round the shallow arm of the lake like a fury. Only some desperate paddling brought me out safe, for I was alone, and without a weapon. Baptiste, my guide once had a more remarkable experience. He was calling one night from a lake, and as no response had come after several hours’ waiting, the canoe had been allowed to drift in and lie under the shadow of the trees close beside the bank. The first intimation he had of the presence of game was when a young bull leaped clear over the canoe into the shallow water of the lake. The bank was high, and whether he intended to crush the canoe beneath his hoofs, or simply to ascertain what it was, they never knew. A lucky shot, with the gun touching the brute’s side, killed him in his tracks.”

A story is told, though I will not vouch for its truth, of two Boston youths who were fishing one of the well-known lakes in Aroostook county last summer, and hearing for the first time of the art of moose calling, had determined, though it was close time, and they had nothing to kill game with, to try their luck at calling. On returning to camp one night they reported that they sat on the shore of the lake all the afternoon, and though they kept calling “moos-ie, moos-ie,” all the time, every few moments, not a single moose came within sight.

This sort of moose calling is not likely to attract much game. To successfully hunt in this manner a competent guide should be employed.

CARIBOU AND DEER.

WHILE both moose and caribou belong to the deer tribe, they differ greatly in many respects. The caribou is the American variety of the reindeer, and is a large animal, though much smaller than the moose. The average adult measures three feet and six inches at the shoulder. Though the American caribou, which is found in considerable numbers in the state of Maine, is almost identical with the European reindeer, which is often found in captivity, carrying man's burdens, it has never been domesticated in this country.

The caribou is a wonderfully powerful animal, and is remarkable for its endurance, which is greater than that of either the moose or the deer. During the greater part of the year the flesh of this animal is dry and tasteless, and is not very desirable as food, though there is a layer of fat under the skin of the back, which is always palatable, and which is frequently eaten raw by hunters. The dried flesh of the caribou makes the very best of pemmican, which is invaluable to the trapper, and even the horns are sometimes eaten raw, when young, soft and in the velvet.

Caribou always live in herds, which are frequently as large as three hundred in numbers, though sometimes not more than ten or twelve are found in a herd. When a straggler is seen alone, it is safe to judge that a herd is not far away. They are migratory in their habits and travel hundreds of miles in their search for favorite varieties of food. They may be numerous in a particular locality one year, and not be seen there again for a number of years, or perhaps ever, for that matter.

The caribou is naturally of a friendly disposition, and has not that fear of man which is characteristic of other members of the deer tribe, though at times they exhibit craftiness to a considerable degree. As a rule, where caribou exist in considerable numbers, they are shot with little difficulty by the sportsman, and without the skill that is necessary in outwitting the moose.

While the caribou is not usually very numerous in Maine, or rather has not been of late years, he is an animal easily approached, and

he is an easy victim of the sportsman when once his haunts are known. His bump of curiosity is unusually large, and when he sees an object that is curious to him, he will investigate, or at least will not run away from it, and oftentimes loses his life for just this reason.

In the Canadian provinces caribou are more numerous than in Maine or any other of the northern states, and in the great caribou barrens of Canada they are hunted to much better advantage than in any portion of the United States. Many American sportsmen go to the Canadian barrens after game each year, and if reports may be relied upon, have some very exciting experiences. At all events they invariably get the game they seek, and of course successful trips are always full of delightful incidents.

Hunting deer is not what it used to be before "jacking" was forbidden by law, still there is not a true sportsman who hunts in Maine, who will not at once admit the justice of the law. It is estimated by some of the oldest and best guides in the state that there are as many as 150,000 deer at liberty in the forests of the state, and it is generally believed that all sportsmen who wish to hunt can secure one or two deer without resorting to any means to deprive the animals of their natural means of self-protection, and all methods of hunting which prevent this are forbidden by a just and beneficial law.

The deer, the native of Maine, is much smaller than the moose, and not as large as the caribou. The largest that I ever saw weighed 275 lbs., though I have heard of them considerably larger than that. The deer is full of cunning and very timid, keen of scent, and a difficult animal to outwit when it once becomes suspicious. Dogging and jacking deer are now both illegal, and still hunting or driving is the usual method of hunting. Though deer usually travel in herds they are frequently found singly and at a long distance from their companions. They have a remarkably keen scent, and when danger is once suspected, their ability to avoid their pursuers is something truly remarkable. Deer breed two or three times a year, according to the climate, while the cow moose and caribou raise but a single calf in a year. Consequently deer increase in numbers much more rapidly than any other large game now found in this state.

Probably more than ten thousand deer were killed in Maine during the three months of open time in the season of 1897.

Deer, as well as caribou and moose, not infrequently quarrel and fight among themselves, and evidence of bloody warfare is often found in

the forest. Occasionally they "lock horns," are unable to separate themselves, and lie down and die together. Two sets of antlers firmly locked together in this manner are sometimes found, and a number of such curios have been preserved as relics of some fierce contest for a supremacy which was never enjoyed.



FUR-BEARING ANIMALS.



RAPPING for fur has in times past been a large business in Maine, and has proved very profitable to a large number of hunters, who have been in the habit of spending their winters in the northern woods, scores of miles from any settlement. Of late, however, the business has fallen off considerably, and though a few hunters and trappers still find it profitable, there are not many who depend on hunting and trapping for a living, in Maine.

The largest of the fur-bearing animals found in this state is the black bear or musquaw. Years ago the black bear existed in large numbers in different parts of North America, but now they are comparatively scarce. It is estimated that there are now 8000 or 10,000 in Maine, and several hundred are killed by hunters and sportsmen each year.

This animal prefers a vegetable diet, and is perfectly harmless unless pressed by hunger or attacked by an enemy. It is a very rare occasion when a black bear will attack a hunter, and in most cases bruin will make every possible effort to get away from man, whether he be armed or not.

Snails and honey are two particular delicacies which often lead the bear into trouble. These are his two greatest favorites in the way of food, and he will wade through fire to get them if he has an opportunity.

The state pays a bounty on bears, and a number of towns do the same. This has led to many interesting legal questions, and in several cases which have come to my knowledge, bears have been killed very near the line between two towns, one of which paid a bounty, while the other did not. Several times I have known a town paying a bounty to claim that a bear had been killed in the other town and dragged over the line for the sake of securing the five dollars bounty from the more liberal town. Several lawsuits have resulted from cases of this kind.

This species of bear is remarkably prolific, the number of cubs which

are produced at birth varying from one to four. When first born they are very small, not over six or eight inches in length, and covered with gray hair. They are usually born in January or February, and though they develop rapidly, they remain under the care of the mother bear until they are about six months of age. When about a year old the color changes to glossy black, the natural color of the musquaw.

At one time the gray wolf was found in considerable numbers in Maine, but it is very doubtful if there is one in the state to-day, though they are occasionally reported as seen in different localities. The latest wolf reports came from Aroostook and Oxford counties, but no pelts have yet been produced as evidence, and I am very much inclined to doubt the stories.

Scientists and authorities say there is not a genuine panther in the state at the present time, though wildcats and loupcevriers are plentiful enough in certain localities, notably in the northern portions of Franklin, Oxford, Somerset and Aroostook counties, as well as in some portions of Piscataquis county. They are seen in other localities at times, and have within a short time been seen near some of the larger villages.

The fisher, sable, weasel, ermine, mink and raccoon are numerous in many parts of the state, but are not much relied upon by hunters now-a-days, for sport, for they are scarce where once they afforded a livelihood for many a sturdy woodsman.

Muskrats, beaver and squirrels are still common, and rabbits and porcupines or hedgehogs, as they are commonly called here, are still found in large numbers in nearly all parts of the state.

But of all the fur-bearing animals in Maine to-day, the red fox is the favorite and the most hunted, though his more valuable brother, the silver-gray is occasionally met. I know of the killing of one black fox and one pure white fox in the Dead River country in the fall of 1896, but these freaks of nature, if they may be called that, are not very often found here. Their skins bring remarkably good prices, however, and they are eagerly sought by the fur buyers.

There are several clubs in Maine, whose chief object is hunting the red fox, of which the Buckfield Fur Club (formerly the Monmouth Fur Club), is the best known. This club has an annual meet and hunt in the fall, and sportsmen from all over New England attend each year. Mrs. F. Eugene Belding of Boston joined the club at the 1896 meet, and distinguished herself by securing the first brush ever taken by a lady at a meeting of this club.

Good fox hunting is found near almost any of the interior villages in the state, and the fox hunters are numbered by hundreds. There are a dozen breeders of good foxhounds in Maine, and there is scarcely a town of any size in which good hounds cannot be found. Besides the sportsmen who delight in the fox chase there a number of professional trappers who make it a business.

The king of them all is William Brown of Monmouth, who is known as the grizzled "leatherstocking" of Maine, who during the past season has been luring the foxes of Oakland and vicinity to his traps. About 100 foxes a year is Mr. Brown's average catch, and he will often trap half a dozen in a few days, where not a fox has been seen for years.

Brown is a hunter and trapper by profession, and his traps are usually his only tools, rifles and guns not being in his line. He sets a line of traps in a suitable location, baits them, sprinkles on a little "Schofield scent," and the game comes to him freely and in large numbers. Not only foxes, but skunks and 'coons are his legitimate prey, and help to fill his purse and larder.

Mr. Brown is a gray-whiskered veteran, a good story-teller, and a thorough woodsman. Where he came from, nobody knows, but he has been in Maine a good many years, trapping in various localities. It is his custom to select a favorable spot and stick to it as long as his trapping produces satisfactory results; then he pulls up stakes and moves to more promising fields.

In 1889 or 1890 he appeared in Lewiston, and shortly took up his abode on the farm in Auburn owned by Mr. Thomas Mansfield, where he trapped in the fall and winter, doing farm work at other times. He remained there until September, 1892, when he went to South Monmouth and established himself on the shore of Lake Tacoma, where he has since made his home, though he sometimes remains away from there for months at a time.

In South Monmouth Brown soon became a noted local character, and is a general favorite among the townspeople, being familiarly spoken of as the Lake Tacoma guide. He lives there in a small house with a shed attachment, together with his wife, who is quite an artist, and who has made some excellent sketches of the surroundings, which have been accepted by a prominent art school. In the attic of the house he keeps his cured pelts, dried and ready for the market, while the outside of his shed is sometimes literally thatched with the fur of the fox, 'coon, skunk, mink and other animals, skins not yet fully cured.



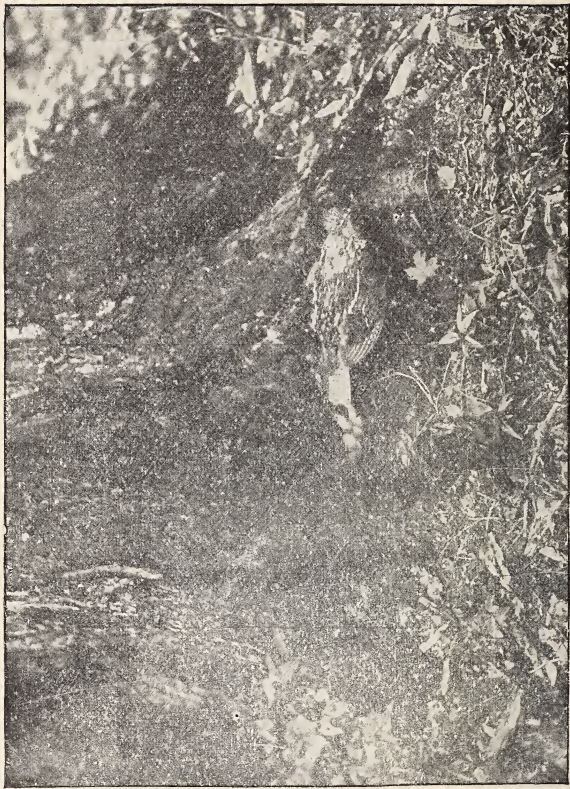
TROPHIES FROM THE FORESTS OF MAINE.



AN OLD-TIME MAINE LOGGING CAMP.



HUNTING RUFFED GROUSE.



RUFFED GROUSE ON HER NEST OF EGGS.

In the season of 1895 Mr. Brown secured the pelts of more than a hundred foxes, including two valuable silver grays, besides a still larger number of pelts from other animals, all of which were disposed of at good prices. The fur buyers are always anxious to secure his pelts, for they are sure to be in perfect condition.

Brown's good fortune with his traps is not a matter of good luck at all, as many people have been led to believe, but a matter of knowledge and experience, which few trappers have been able to attain.

His success as a trapper is very largely due to the judicious use of his famous scent or essence. He prepares the essence and simply sprinkles it over the bait in his traps, and on the ground around them, and its peculiar, pungent odor eventually calls into the trap any unfortunate reynard or other similar animal which happens to go within smelling distance, which need not be very near, by any means.

It is told that the originator or discoverer of this famous scent, or the formula by which the liquid is made, was one Schofield, an old trapper, who many years ago lived in the northern part of Vermont, where he hunted and trapped with great success. From this Schofield William Brown's brother learned the secret, and in turn imparted it to William, who has made good use of it for many years, always meeting with phenomenal success wherever he has trapped. In fact he has been so successful that he has usually very nearly exterminated the fox tribe wherever he has located, though as a rule he does not remain many years in a place, often practically wiping out the fox tribe in that time.

Mr. Brown owns a fine dog and a good gun and rifle, but he uses them very little, getting most of his game from his traps, and usually killing the animals with a club which he carries around with him when looking after his traps. During the season he makes a business of hunting, and pays little attention to other affairs, while during the summer fishing season he largely occupies his time by guiding city sportsmen. He knows where the gamy trout, pickerel and bass are to be found, and is thoroughly familiar with the habits and peculiar tastes of the different varieties of fish, and the parties guided by him are nearly always successful.

Though Mr. Brown is away from his home on the shore of Lake Tacoma most of the time, his wife still lives there in the farmhouse, and the trapper visits her as often as he finds the opportunity. Trapper Brown has done a thriving business the last season, and is well satisfied with the result of his labors. He thinks of moving to the Canadian provinces after a few more trapping seasons in Maine. He undoubtedly knows more

about trapping foxes than any other man living. He has a good many imitators in the state, but none of them are his equal by any means, though several are using his scent with good success, having purchased it of him.

The hard wood forests, particularly the beech and oak forests in nearly all sections of the state are full of squirrels, and on the hilly slopes dozens of big, plump grays are often found on a sunny autumn afternoon. Gunning for grays is a favorite sport with many who hunt for a pastime, and the man who uses a rifle will find the sport quite exhilarating. The plump, handsome fellows will dodge about from limb to limb and from tree to tree in a surprising manner, and the pleasure of watching them is almost if not quite equal to the pleasure of shooting them. They seem to realize that it is a game of life and death with them, and their exhibition of quick wit and sound common sense is truly wonderful. It takes a hunter of considerable skill to keep track of their movements in the tree tops.

The reds and "stripers" are far less cunning, but are not often shot, except occasionally by a gunner who shoots everything alive that comes within reach of his gun; but this sort of "game hog" is very rare in this state, I am pleased to be able to say with truth. These little fellows are seldom used for food, though the flesh is equal in every respect to that of the gray squirrel.

Since March 22, 1893, the beaver, one of the most interesting as well as most valuable of Maine's fur-bearing animals, has been protected by law, that the species might not become extinct in the state, and the law affording them this protection has proved a very wise one; and though it had its opponents at the time it was drafted, there are no hunters or trappers that I know who are not now thankful for it. At that time beaver were becoming very scarce, and there was a fear that they would not last much longer unless protected for a term of years.

Since the law went into effect five years ago beaver have rapidly increased in numbers in the northern part of the state, and in some localities are now said to be found in such numbers as to be a serious hinderance to the lumbermen, who are often obliged to cut away many dams during the lumbering season, before their logs will pass by on their way to the mills. The beaver is an ingenious fellow and his works are nearly as strong as those of a similar nature constructed by man, when the same materials are used. The rapidity with which large trees are cut down and made up into dams and beaver settlements is really remarkable. A fine beaver pelt sometimes brings as much as fifteen dollars.

SOME MAINE GAME BIRDS.



UNTING grouse and woodcock has long been a favorite sport with both local gunners and with tourist sportsmen who annually visit Maine. The ruffed grouse or birch partridge has been the leading game bird of Maine for many years, and many thousands are shot each season. The Canadian grouse or spruce partridge is much less common, and when one is shot it is considered a prize indeed, though there are a few localities in the state in which this bird is very common. The ruffed grouse, which is known everywhere as the common partridge, is found in almost every inland town in the state, and a flock

may often be found in the first patch of woods one comes to, it mattering little from where the start is made. It has been estimated that at least a quarter of a million of these birds were killed in this state in 1896, but of course it is impossible to get at an accurate estimate of this slaughter of birds, beyond the fact that it was very great.

The ruffed grouse is an extremely interesting bird, and its habits are well worth studying. These birds are found in nearly all the northern and central, as well as in some of the southern states, and are everywhere regarded as among the best of game birds. The male bird is in color a rich chestnut-brown, and is far handsomer than the female. Mr. Wilson in his "American Ornithology," has this to say about the "play" of the ruffed grouse:

"In walking through the solitary woods frequented by these birds, a stranger is surprised by suddenly hearing a kind of thumping very similar to that produced by striking two full-blown bladders together, only much louder. The strokes at first are slow and distinct, but gradually increase in rapidity, till they run into each other, resembling the rumbling sound of thunder, dying away gradually on the ear. After a few minutes' pause, this is again repeated, and on a calm day may be heard nearly a mile off.

This drumming is most common in spring, and is the call of the cock to his favorite female. It is produced in the following manner:

"The bird, standing on a prostrate log, generally in a retired and sheltered situation, lowers his wings, erects his expanded tail, contracts his throat, elevates the tufts of feathers on the neck and inflates his whole body, something in the manner of the turkey-cock, strutting and wheeling about with great stateliness. After a few manœuvres of this kind he begins to strike with his stiffened wings in short and rapid, quick strokes, which become more and more rapid, until they run into each other, as has already been described. This is most common in the morning, though I have heard them drumming at all hours of the day."

I have watched male birds often during the drumming or mating season, and the movements of the cock are sometimes ludicrous, though always stately and commanding respect from the looker-on. The grouse is terribly in earnest in his love making.

The grouse nests in May in this climate, and raises a litter of from nine to fifteen, perhaps averaging twelve. The eggs are a brownish-white in color and are handsomely marked. The mother bird has a remarkably intelligent system of throwing the searcher off the track, and in all her movements she shows an unusual amount of almost human intelligence which can but be admired by every student of bird life.

Grouse are hunted either with or without the assistance of a dog, though a well trained cur dog that will tree the birds is of great assistance to the gunner. Pointers and setters are used to some extent on grouse, but I have personally found them of little aid in hunting these birds, and I think this is the general opinion among Maine gunners. Probably more than half the hunting for partridges done in Maine, is by the method known as "still hunting."

During the fall flight woodcock is freely brought to bag, though until a few years ago this splendid bird was little known and very little hunted here. In the last half dozen years, however, the bird has become better known, and several large kennels of high blooded setters and pointers have been brought into the state, and woodcock shooting over these intelligent and faithful dogs has become very popular, and has been made successful. To-day there are many sportsmen who prefer woodcock shooting to any other kind of hunting, including the chase of the moose, caribou and deer. I myself have found it prime sport, and have become so enthusiastic over it that I have purchased and have bred both pointers and setters of the English strains for this purpose. I pride myself that my

dogs have as blue blood in their veins as can be found. At all events they belong to the best hunting strains, and that is most essential.

The color of the woodcock is brown in several shades. The breast is light brown barred with a darker shade, and the back is darker still. The average length is about 14 inches, and the usual weight is from 13 to 15 ounces, though they are sometimes heavier, and have been known to weigh nearly twice as much. The woodcock is peculiar in its habits, and is a very hard bird to find, where they may exist in large numbers. An experienced hunter will often get a large bag of game where the novice might fail to locate a single bird in a day's hunting. It is a very silent bird, seldom uttering a cry except when first starting for its feeding places, and hardly ever crying out when flushed. The flight of the woodcock is wonderfully swift, though the wings do not have the appearance of moving fast. The bird also has the custom of dodging about so rapidly when it sees a sportsman, that it often escapes a shot. I do not mean that the frequent escapes of the bird are due solely to the quickness and irregularity of its flight, because a good eye and a steady hand soon become used to these movements, and an experienced hunter has little difficulty in shooting the birds. Individual birds are very different in their flight, however.

The nest of the woodcock is made of leaves, different varieties of ferns being the favorites, and is carelessly put together and not lined. Four eggs is the number laid, and their color is a buffy white, with numerous rusty brown blotches. The mother bird frequently, in time of danger, will carry her young considerable distances to place it out of harm's way.

Several varieties of plover and other sand-birds are found on the coast and in some inland regions, and early in the fall shore bird shooting is a favorite pastime among the local sportsmen and visitors at the seaside resorts. The number of these birds killed annually is not very great.

Wild geese are not found in great numbers, but ducks of the several varieties mentioned under a previous heading are more or less numerous about the inland waters at flight time in the spring and autumn, particularly the latter, and at that season excellent duck shooting may be found on many of the northern lakes, particularly those which have marshy shores, and if wild rice is found in the marshes, this may be relied upon as a particularly good place, and the hunter who prepares himself a shooting box here, will meet with success if he knows how to hunt ducks, selects the proper season, and has sufficient patience. That is all that is

necessary. I think the wood duck and the black duck are oftenest shot in northern Maine, if the duck hunters are to be relied upon. At least these are the varieties that I have oftenest seen, though the sheldrake or hooded merganser is common enough, and half a dozen other varieties of ducks are often seen.

The shooting of shore birds is a prominent sport at some of the sea-side resorts, and is indulged in to a large extent by those sportsmen who are fond of the sea. The woodsman, however, prefers to go to the forests for his game, and in my opinion, finds much better sport.



FISH AND FISHING.



TO the lover of fly fishing or trolling for salmon, trout or bass, the state of Maine offers unlimited opportunities. With 22,000 square miles of lakes and ponds, nearly every one of them teeming with land-locked salmon, trout or some other edible fish, it is not to be wondered at that when the sportsman gets out his book of flies, his rods and other "necessary paraphernalia," preparatory to the trip "down east," it is sometimes difficult to decide where to go. There are so many good places, that, when the fishing alone is considered, it is almost impossible to make a choice.

Of the Rangeleys, the Dead River region, Moosehead Lake and Kineo every angler has known for years, and he is very likely familiar with the lakes, ponds and streams suggested by the mention of these names. The "New Northeast," as the Aroostook River regions are now getting to be called, are fast becoming familiar words, though but a few years ago that territory was almost unknown, except as the territory where a vast amount of lumbering was carried on every winter. The building and extension of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad, however, has made travel to this remote section an easy matter, and tourists are flocking there during the summer months. Here may be found as good fishing as could be asked for, though the fish are not, as a rule, quite equal to the Rangeley trout and salmon in size. In every other respect they are unexcelled in this or any other state.

The salmon has properly been termed the king of fish, and the land-locked species is in every particular, size excepted, the equal of the migratory variety. Nearly all the important fresh water fishing resorts suitable have received their share of salmon fry from the commissioners of inland fisheries and game, and in a few years excellent salmon fishing will be found in a hundred different ponds. Yes, in many more than that number.

At present the best salmon fishing in the state is found in Sebago lake and in the Rangeley chain of lakes. Last season a number of salmon exceeding 12 pounds, including one weighing 13½ pounds, were landed at Rangeley.

Next in favor with the sportsman comes the brook or square-tailed trout, two varieties which are about the same in quality of meat and in gaminess. Both are found in great numbers all over the state, and both are great favorites with all anglers. Many claim that the two varieties are identical, but I think there is a slight difference, though it is not a material one. Lake trout, often called togue, are common in many waters, and sometimes are enormous in size. I have heard of a togue weighing 37 pounds being taken in Moosehead lake, but I should not care to vouch for the truth of the story, though I am not prepared to deny it. In years past fish weighing more than 20 pounds have been taken from this lake, to my knowledge.

Black bass, white perch and pickerel are found in great numbers in the ponds in the Kennebec valley, and excellent sport is had here, particularly late in the fall after the salmon and trout season is over. White perch and pickerel are considered excellent for food, but the gamy bass is not often eaten, the flesh being soft and unpalatable.

The smaller rivers and streams in the thinly settled portions of the state are full of the little brook trout, seldom exceeding half a pound in weight, though they occasionally weigh a pound or more, and in the spring and early summer hundreds of anglers whip these little fellows from the water with keen anticipation of a delicious meal of fried or broiled trout to come. The flavor of these little speckled beauties is a little more tempting than anything I know of.

Of sea fishing off the Maine coast it is not necessary to speak at this time.

The following information gleaned from a late report of the commissioners of inland fisheries and game is of much interest: The increasing demand for land-locked salmon has led the commission to very materially extend the facilities for the propagation of these fish, by building new hatcheries and weirs at Weld, Auburn, Caribou, Edes, Sebago, Kineo and other places, and repairs and increased facilities have been made at still other hatcheries. Large numbers of trout and salmon fry have been planted in suitable waters in all parts of the state, and everything possible is being done to increase the numbers of these game fish in Maine waters. The hatching and distribution of trout and salmon fry will be continued



To Reach The Best Hunting AND Fishing Grounds

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RAILROAD.

The shipment of Game from our stations greater than from all
New England put together.

AN IDEA

of the great amount of game in the territory reached by the various divisions of this road may be gained from the following statement, which shows the actual amount of game shipped from our stations by visiting sportsmen.

	Deer.	Moose.	Caribou.
Shipped in Oct., Nov. and Dec., 1896,	2245	133	130
“ “ “ “ “ “ 1895,	1581	112	130
“ “ “ “ “ “ 1894,	1001	45	50

THE LAKES AND PONDS teem with the most gamy of game fish, the speckled square-tailed trout, salmon, pickerel and togue.

THROUGH TRAINS with Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars INTO THE HEART OF THE WILDERNESS.

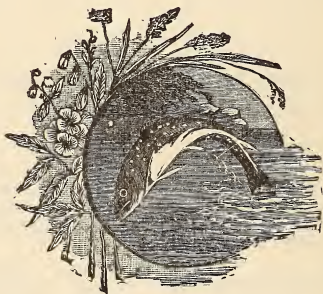
For an illustrated book, containing maps, rates of fare, etc., enclose two-cent stamp to the General Passenger Agent.

F. W. CRAM,
V. P. & Gen'l Mgr.

GEO. M. HOUGHTON,
Gen'l Pass'r & Ticket Agt.

indefinitely by the commission, and the fish will be protected by law until they have grown to several pounds in weight, so there is little danger that there will not be as good or better fishing than at present, in Maine waters, for an indefinite period of time.

It is a notable fact that the fishing is a little better each year than it was the year before, which is, to say the least, very encouraging, and is drawing a continually increasing number of city anglers this way each year. May their shadows never grow less. They never will if Maine salmon and trout can prevent it.



HOOKED.

WHERE THE BIG TROUT LIVE.

MAINE certainly deserves the reputation which it enjoys, as a paradise for lovers of the speckled beauty. Lakes, ponds and streams abounding in the gamiest and prettiest trout imaginable are to be found more or less profusely scattered all over the state, but to the county of Franklin has been given a major portion of that vast territory known as the Rangeley and Dead River regions, dotted in all directions with famous lakes and ponds, where thousands of disciples of the famed Izaak go annually with a burning desire to lure the wily trout from his sylvan retreat, with the aid of rod and fly.

With Rangeley, Richardson, Kennebago, Cupsuptic, Mooselookme-guntic, and the many other lakes, to say nothing of the Chain of ponds, Seven ponds, little Tim of poet lore, and the famous King and Bartlett and Spencer—and a hundred others—the reader is probably more or less familiar, as well as with the Moosehead country and the Aroostook county lakes, where monsters of the deep, fresh water are to be found.

But not many miles from the Dead River country there is a body of water, less familiar, but which has had the name, and deservedly too, of contributing each season, the largest trout of the year to the catch in the state of Maine. It is the pond where the big fellows dwell, and where some of the best of fishing may be found at almost any time in the season, and all this in a locality which can be easily reached.

Clear Water Pond is situated mostly in the south-western part of the town of Industry, though one end of it is in Farmington, four and one-half miles from the terminus of the Maine Central railroad. Some beautiful legends, which cannot fail to be of interest to all lovers of nature, are connected with Clear Water Pond, which of late has been called Crystal Lake by some. Both of these names arise from the extreme clearness of the water, the bottom being plainly visible at a depth of sixty feet. In the early days this sheet of water, which is about three miles long and a mile and a half across at the widest point, was known as "Bull-horse Pond," which name was derived from one of the following legends.

It is said that not far from the pond a horse and a bull engaged in a fierce combat many years ago, and that both rushed into the pond, where the combat ended in a double drowning.

A history of the town of Industry published a few years since says that "the most credible tradition of all" is that a Frenchman named Blois long ago spent his time near here trapping, and that the name of the pond was a corruption of his name. William Allen, one of the earliest settlers of the town, and from whom the settlement at the head of the pond took its name, wrote an early history of the place, in which he says that Judge North's surveying party on arriving at this pond watered their horses, and proposed the name "Horse Pond," but put a prefix to it and called it "Bull-horse Pond." It was first called Clear Water Pond in 1803, and has since retained that name.

The pond has always been noted for its large lake trout, and for some years the largest taken in the state has come from Clear Water Pond. June 15, 1895, Mr. Charles E. Wheeler of Farmington, manufacturer of the well-known Wheeler split bamboo fishing rods, landed a trout thirty-four inches in length, which weighed sixteen and three-fourths pounds, several hours after it left the water. In 1894 Mr. Wheeler landed a trout weighing fifteen and three-fourths pounds, the largest taken in the state that year. Mr. Wheeler caught another in 1895 that weighed fourteen and one-half pounds, and Mr. Will Spinney of Industry got one that tipped the scales at fifteen and one-half pounds. Large trout were also taken from Clear Water Pond in 1896 and 1897, though the fish mentioned were not equalled in size these latter years.

Fly fishing for the big fellows is unknown on this pond, for the fish are always found in deep water and will not rise to the surface. There is one thing very peculiar about the trout in Clear Water Pond, which I had almost forgotten to mention. There are apparently no trout of medium size, that is, between five and ten pounds, for none between these weights are ever caught here. There are a plenty of from one pound to five, and occasionally six pounds, and a few of the big fellows over ten pounds, but none between.

Trolling for big trout may not be quite as exciting sport as the fly fishing where great numbers of small trout may be taken in a short time, but if you have never tried it, I assure you that it is great sport, nevertheless. You can troll alone if you choose to row yourself, setting your stiff trolling rod in the stern, paddling or rowing just fast enough to keep your line from dragging on the bottom or fouling, but if a big fish is what you

are after, you will do much better to take along a companion and hire a boy who knows the pond, to handle the boat.

Take a day when the sun is not too bright and start just after dinner. One is seated in the bow of the boat on a soft pneumatic cushion, and the other in the stern in a similar position. The tackle is gotten in order and pipes are lighted before the start is made. Your guide, who doubtless has caught many a monarch of the deep in his brief but eventful life, for all the lads about Allen's Mills are great anglers, rows you quietly along the east shore while you are admiring some of the most charming scenery you ever set eyes on, until you come to a point in line between a white birch tree on the western shore and a deserted barn high up on the hill on the opposite side, when he tells you it is time to look out for a "bite," not a "rise," here.

You are on the alert for what you hope will happen, and what is very likely to if you have patience. It may be in five minutes, it may be half or even an hour, or longer, but your "bite" is pretty sure to come. You feel a tremendous yank on your line, then your reel begins to sing; after that you know what happens, for you are accustomed to the fly, and after trout are hooked they all act very much the same, dashing first this way and that until exhausted, or you have succeeded in drowning them. The monsters are not as hard fighters as the small trout, but will sulk on the bottom for a long time, and a good deal of patience is necessary, and considerable hard work as well, before one is finally landed. But the prize is worth the trouble.

In olden times much larger fish than any I have mentioned were frequently taken from this pond, and I am sure that a little ancient history will be read with interest. The largest trout caught in this pond, of which there is any record, was taken a great many years ago, and weighed, without any exaggeration, thirty-one and three-fourths pounds. One John Daggett was the lucky fisherman. His son, John Atwell Daggett afterwards caught one weighing twenty-two and one-half pounds, and his grandson John, still later got one weighing sixteen pounds. The art of catching large fish seems to have run in the Daggett family.

John W. Norton successfully landed a twenty-one-pounder a good many years ago, probably twenty or more, and his paternal grandfather has one weighing sixteen pounds to his credit. F. F. Backus of Farmington once landed a fish weighing fifteen and three-fourths pounds. Many others of great size, of which there is no record, have been secured, and hundreds of good size have been taken here.

Fishing through the ice was formerly practiced here to a considerable extent, but this is now forbidden by law. Isaac Webster, long dead, has the reputation of having taken more fish from this pond than any other individual.

In 1883 the pond was stocked with black bass, with which it now abounds, great numbers being taken annually, some weighing as much as six pounds. In 1886 land-locked salmon were first placed in the pond, and more have been liberated there since. The fish are doing well here, and some were caught in 1897 which weighed over six pounds each. Both bass and salmon rise readily to the fly, and in a few years, if the fish continue to do as well as they have been doing, the fishing here will be equal to the best.

Salmon are often hooked, but it is illegal to capture these fish for several months to come, and they are promptly returned to the water. Salmon fishing will be good here when it becomes legal, and with both trout and salmon, the pond is sure to be well patronized by sportsmen. There is a small hotel on the shore of Clear Water Pond, for the accommodation of anglers and tourists who wish to fish and hunt in that vicinity in the season.



THE RANGELEY REGION.



THE Rangeley region, as it is commonly called, includes the entire chain of lakes in Franklin and Oxford counties so named by old Squire Rangeley, before many of us were born, and a large territory, taking in Rangeley, Mooselookmeguntic, Cup-suptic, Mollychunkamunk, Welokenebacook, Umbagog and Kennebago lakes, also a good many smaller bodies of water, including the famous Parmachenee Lake, Loon Lake, Long Pond and others, one of which, Quimby Pond, was a particularly attractive place in the season of 1896, for the reason that it had been closed to fishing a number

of years, and being open that season, afforded some particularly fine fishing.

In early years this was a famous region for hunting and trapping, and thousands of dollars worth of furs were taken from here each year. Mr. J. G. Rich, late a resident of Bethel, a famous hunter and a well known writer on sporting subjects was one of the earliest hunters and opened the first sporting camp in the region, at Middle Dam, which he called the "Anglers' Retreat," and which for many years was the most popular place in the entire lake region. The name still clings to the Middle Dam resort.

Mr. and Mrs. Rich and their little son built themselves a home on the shore of Mooselookmeguntic Lake, where they remained about two years, when they moved to Metalluk Point on Mollychunkamunk Lake, and after remaining there six years again moved, going to Letter B, where Mr. Rich remained seventeen years, hunting, trapping and fishing for a living.

When Mr. Rich first landed in the Maine woods he was thirty-two miles from a post-office or store of any kind, and his stock in trade consisted of thirteen steel traps, an axe, a few household utensils and eighty

cents in cash. He made a good thing out of his hunting and trapping, and laid up money. Mr. Rich died at Andover, Me., Feb. 1, 1897.

Among the early hunters in the Rangeley lake region were Capt. H. T. Kimball, Capt. Fred C. Barker, John Danforth and George Soule, who delight in telling their many thrilling experiences.

The Rangeley of twenty or thirty years ago and the Rangeley of to-day have very little in common except the excellent fishing and hunting, which, as everyone knows, can hardly be surpassed in this country or in fact in any other.

The invasion of the vast wilderness by the steam horse of advancing civilization has wrought wonders, and though many of the old landmarks remain, there has been such progress that were it not for the lakes and mountains, the natural scenery of which cannot be effaced, the village itself would hardly be recognized by one who has not visited it in that length of time.

The Rangeley region was popular as a hunting and fishing resort as long as twenty years ago, but sportsmen in those days were few and far between when compared with those of to-day. The farmer's son had the same love for rod and gun in those days that exists in the breast of his descendant of the present time, but the city business man had then hardly learned of the pleasures of a few days or weeks in the woods surrounded by all the comforts of modern hotels, yet within easy reach of the monarch of the forest and the speckled denizens of the lakes.

In those days it was a journey of considerable magnitude from the city no farther away than Boston, and one to require many second thoughts before it was undertaken. The trip by rail to Farmington was not a pleasant one, the road being rough, and the cars far different from the palaces now in use. At Farmington one of Mr. Daniel Clark's stages was taken and the ride to Phillips was usually made in the evening. At Phillips a late supper was had at the Barden House, Mr. Samuel Farmer's well-known and popular tavern, or the Elmwood Hotel, of which Mr. E. D. Prescott was the proprietor for a number of years.

Mr. Farmer, who moved to Newkirk, O. T., from Phillips, several years ago, was the pioneer hotel man in this region, opening the first hotel in Rangeley long before this became a popular summer resort. Since those days numerous hotels and sporting camps have sprung up in different spots, and there is no lack of modern conveniences. A sportsman can now find about any sort of accommodations he may desire.

An early start was made the next morning on another stage, and



CHARLES E. WHEELER AND HIS 16 3-4 POUNDS TROUT—SEE PAGE 52.

Rangeley was reached in time for dinner. But now all is changed, and the trip from the city to the heart of the wilderness is hardly worth mentioning. The Sandy River railroad was opened to travel in November, 1879, and in 1890 the Phillips & Rangeley road, the last link in the steel chain binding the forest to the city, was completed. The Dead River region is now easily reached by the Franklin & Megantic railroad, connecting with the Sandy River road at Strong, and its extension, the Kingfield & Dead River railroad, terminating at Carrabassett, where a hotel has recently been erected.

Away back in the old days, years before railroads were even thought of, the old Greenvale House, burned some four or five years ago, was the leading hotel, and here most of the wealthy men who were in the habit of visiting this region, made their headquarters. This was before the Rangeley Lake House was built, when the Kennebago Lake House had just been opened under the name of Forest Retreat Hotel, the Mooselookmeguntic House was called the Soule Camps, and the Mountain View House was Camp Henry. That was in the days of camps, when hotels had yet to come.

The present Rangeley Lake House, more than doubled in size and moved to the point three years ago, has twice since been enlarged, and is one of the best summer hotels in the state. The enlarged Mountain View House, Mooselookmeguntic House, Kennebago Lake House, Anglers' Retreat Hotel, Upper Dam House, Pleasant Island Camps, The Birches, Camp Bemis, Forest Camps, Quimby Pond Camps, and other resorts, furnish as good accommodations as can be found anywhere.

Twenty years ago there probably were not more than a dozen or fifteen professional guides in the entire Rangeley region, where there are now a hundred or more in the business, and making a good living. Prominent among the old timers, some of whom are still in the business, were Cornelius Richardson, Ed Grant, Cal Pennock, Joe Lamb, Charles Soule, John Haley, George Soule, "Daddy" Clark, William Soule, Jerry Ellis and Joe Ellis.

The neat and comfortable steamers now on the lakes were unknown at that time, and one or two sailing boats and a few row boats of uncertain quality were all the water craft to be found there.

These answered the purpose then, when visitors were not very numerous and nothing better was known, but would be laughed at in these later days of progress.

The railroads may be fairly said to be largely responsible for the large

increase in travel to Rangeley, for they have advertised the region far and wide, as well as having afforded every facility for travelling comfortably and cheaply.

Though the lakes have been constantly and successfully fished with fly and bait every season since the country was opened to the sportsmen many declare that the fish do not decrease at all, and that there is as good fishing to-day in every one of the lakes as there ever was, and in some of them it is said to be even better than a few years ago. The same may be said of hunting, particularly so far as the big game is concerned. Deer are more numerous than ever before, and moose are probably not growing any less in numbers, though caribou have not been killed here to any extent for a number of years. Birds were never seen in greater numbers than during the last three seasons, but the fur-bearing animals, bears excepted, do not seem to be as numerous as in former times; at least there have not been as many trapped and killed of late as formerly.

Rangeley has taken a decided boom, and is fast becoming one of the most popular summer resorts in the east.

The opening of a new route, in the building of the Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lakes railroad and starting it in operation in the spring of 1896 added considerably to travel to and from the lakes that season, and was a success from the start. The terminus of the road is at Bemis, long known as Camp Bemis, at the foot of Mooselookmeguntic Lake, where was built the only log railroad station in the world. The station is located on the old Camp Bemis garden plot, which will be remembered by every tourist who visited this resort under the old order of things. The origin of the log station is interesting. Miss Emily Graham, a Philadelphia school teacher first suggested the idea to Capt. Barker, proprietor of the camps, one afternoon while the two were out rowing, and were discussing the road, which was then only a proposed railroad.

The idea struck Capt. Barker favorably, and he afterwards presented the matter, and the directors were so well impressed that they at once had the plans made and engaged Capt. Barker to take charge of its construction. It is made entirely of logs cut in the woods in the vicinity. The main building is 20x40 feet in size, fronting the track, and is finished in one room in the regular rough log style, with the ticket office in the form of a bay window in the front. Large open fireplaces for burning logs are in each end of the large room, giving it in winter time a very cheerful aspect. The rafters are without covering of any sort. The smaller baggage room is connected with the main building by a wide awning supported

by rustic columns which run the entire length of the station. The baggage room is 20x20 feet in size.

In 1869 the Oquossoc Angling association built a clubhouse at Indian Rock, some thirteen miles from Bemis. The first camps were built at Bemis soon after, and were the idea of George Shepard Page, Mr. Cranse, Charles Seymour of New Jersey, and Jay Cooke of New York, and at that time could only be reached by row boats. In 1875 C. A. J. Farrar put his first little steamer into Richardson Lake, and the next year Capt. Barker, then hardly more than a boy, put his first little steamer into the Mooselookmeguntic.

Since that time progress has been rapid, sportsmen coming in greater numbers each year, until railroad connections became an actual necessity. Some years ago an extension of the Grand Trunk railway by the way of Andover was seriously considered, but the scheme fell through, though the projectors went so far as to secure a charter from the legislature.

Back in 1878 or 1879 Capt. Farrar raised the stock for a telegraph line from Bryant's Pond, the end of the railroad, to his camps on the south arm of Richardson Lake. The wire was strung, trees being used in lieu of telegraph poles, and a girl who could make herself generally useful, and also knew something about telegraphy, was employed as operator. A few messages were sent over the line, but trees were blown down so often that it was impossible to keep it in repair, and besides that, the line was very little patronized, and proved to be a heavy loss from the start, so that the project was soon abandoned, and a large portion of the wire was taken down. The remainder has disappeared long before this, probably from natural causes.

Rangeley and Haines' Landing are now connected with the outer world by telephone, and direct and prompt communication with one's friends in the city can be had with no difficulty, as the wires are nearly always in good working order.

For beauty of scenery, mountains, valleys and forests, the Rangeley region is surpassed nowhere in the east, in few places in this country, and the water scenery cannot be beaten in the world. The territory included in the Rangeley and Dead River regions, combined, as they are usually classed together, is about 1600 square miles. The lakes and streams in this vast territory afford the best fishing for trout and salmon that can be found in the eastern states, without exception. There is good fishing in every lake, pond and stream, and anybody and everybody, practically, can

get all the fish they can take care of without enduring any of the hardships which sometimes accompany life in the woods.

Rangeley village, situated at the head of the chain of lakes, is a delightful little village, whose inhabitants are hospitable and generous, and always give the stranger a warm welcome. Here are located the Rangeley Lake House, the largest and best hotel in the entire region, which has all modern conveniences; and furnishes as good accommodations as most large city hotels; also the Oquossoc House, a small but tidy hotel. Good fishing is found in Rangeley Lake, but a few rods from the piazza of the Rangeley Lake House, but there is still better fishing beyond.

Many private cottages dot the shore of the lake in every direction, and several are built upon the islands. Some of these cottages are very handsome structures and represent a large expenditure. New cottages are being built every season, and there is a prospect that another large hotel will be built near Rangeley village before many years.

Mountain View, seven miles down Rangeley Lake, at the outlet of the lake and two miles from Haines' Landing, is one of the most charming places in the lake region, and it is among the most popular spots with tourists. Here, facing Rangeley Lake (whose Indian name is Oquossoc), is a large and modern hotel. Just across the cove rises Bald Mountain, and the White Mountains are plainly visible. Steamers are constantly plying between Rangeley village and Mountain View. Bald Mountain Camps, under the shadow of Bald Mountain on the Mooselookmeguntic Lake side, is a deservedly popular resort.

Across the carry from Mountain View, at the head of Lake Mooselookmeguntic, is situated Haines' Landing and the Mooselookmeguntic House. Lake Mooselookmeguntic is by far the largest of the lakes in the Rangeley chain, and it also contains the largest of the large trout and salmon for which the Rangeleys are noted. Many large trout and salmon, the former sometimes reaching nine or ten pounds in weight, and the latter occasionally weighing twelve or thirteen pounds, are taken here each year.

Capt. F. C. Barker's famous resort, "The Birches," is on Students' Island, not far from the centre of Mooselookmeguntic Lake, and six miles from Haines' Landing. From here a beautiful view of the lake is obtained, and this has been rightly termed one of nature's most beautiful spots. Steamers plying between Camp Bemis, Haines' Landing and other points, always touch at Students' Island. Years ago a party of

students spent their vacations on this island, and were always accompanied by Capt. Barker and one of his friends. From this the island took its name. Capt. Barker has written a book about it.

Billy Soule's Pleasant Island camps, on Cupsuptic Lake, are famous the land over. On Pleasant Island Mr. Soule has ten or more log camps, which are usually filled with sportsmen during the fishing season, and that Billy's guests usually get all the fish they want goes without saying, as the French say, for the Cupsuptic has some of the most famous fishing grounds in the entire section of country. Pleasant Island is but about 300 yards from the mainland, with which it is connected by a floating bridge. The island is but a mile and a half from Kennebago stream, which is noted as one of the best trout streams in Maine.

Ten miles above Pleasant Island camps is Camp Cupsuptic, and three miles from here is a camp on Otter Brook. One mile from Camp Cupsuptic are situated Big and Little Burnt Mountains and Fox Ponds, also Upper Falls. Three miles from Camp Cupsuptic are the Big Meadows, and just beyond in the Grand Canyon, with walls fifty feet high, on the east of which is Snow Mountain, and on the west, Moose Ridge. Above this is Cupsuptic Pond, but half a mile from the Canadian Boundary.

One of the best known of the lakes near Rangeley is Kennebago, and the Kennebago Lake House is little less popular than the lake itself. Here the two Richardson brothers, Cornelius and Phineus greet the arriving sportsman and assure him of some of the best fishing he ever had in his life.

The Middle Dam, Lake Welokenebacook, or the lower Richardson, as it is frequently called, is a popular place with sportsmen, and is considered by many to be the best place in the entire region for early trolling. Within a short distance there is also plenty of excellent fly fishing.

The pool at Upper Dam, between Mollychunkamunk and Mooselookmeguntic lakes, is famous for its mammoth trout, and here some of the best catches of the season are always made. There are ample accommodations for guests at the hotels at both Middle Dam and Upper Dam.

Big game, especially deer and bears are plenty in the Rangeley region, and moose and caribou are occasionally killed here, while birds and other small game is reckoned by hundreds.

Thousands of anglers and hundreds of gunners visit the Rangeley region every year, and so far as I have ever learned, are always very well pleased with the returns for their expense and labor. Days spent at Rangeley are always happy days.

Early in November, 1896, the Rangeley Guides' association, whose object is to protect the fish and game in this region, secure better service from the guides and a uniform price per day, etc., was formed, with the following officers: President, James Mathieson; vice president, Freeman Tibbetts; secretary, Arthur L. Oakes; treasurer, George Oakes; directors, Elmer Snowman, Charles Haley, Frank Nile, Aaron Soule, Al H. Sprague, Melvin Tibbetts, John Jay Wilbur. The association has a large membership and is growing in popularity among the guides and sportsmen who fish and hunt in the Rangeley territory.



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THE DEAD RIVER REGION.

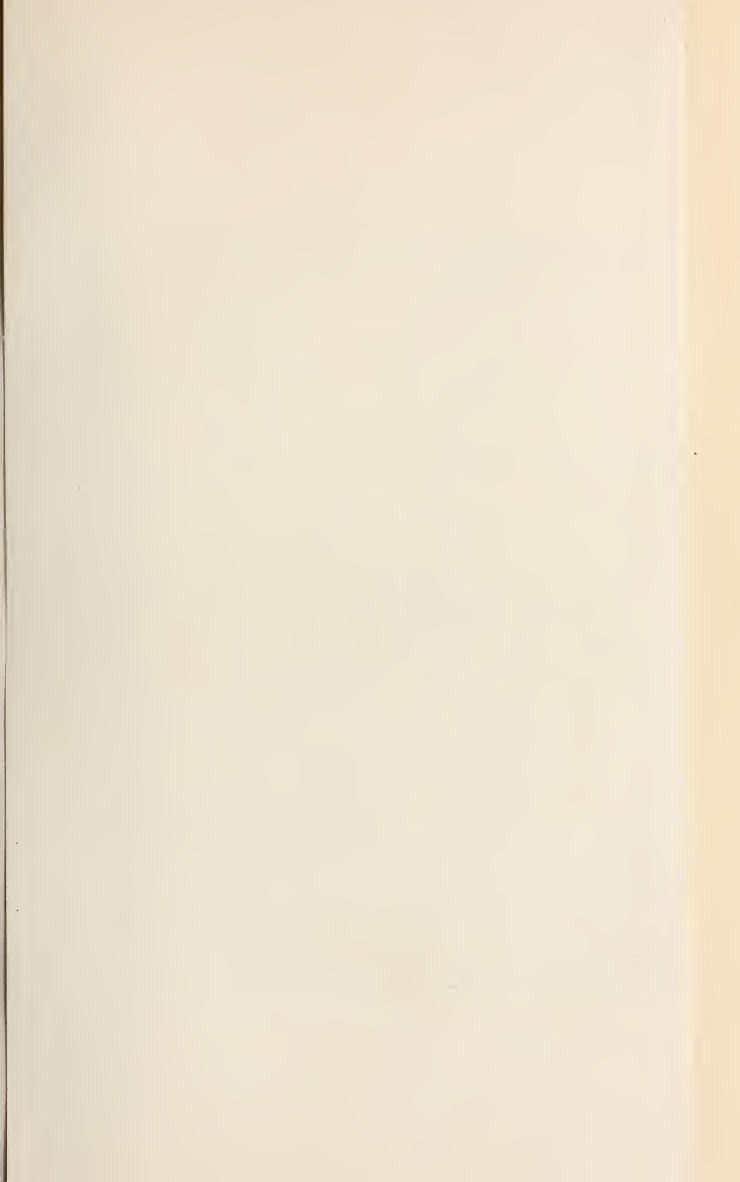


NE can scarcely determine just where the Rangeley region ends and the Dead River region begins, nor does it matter. The country in the immediate vicinity of the Dead River itself, and for miles to the north and east is known distinctively as the Dead River country, and I do not know that it is really of any importance just where the dividing line is. There are several sporting resorts that are sometimes spoken of as being in the Rangeley region, and sometimes as in the Dead River region, but this does not change their true location in the least, though it conveys a different impression to the mind of the uninitiated.

A large portion of the Dead River country is known as the "burnt lands," the wildest country it has ever been my pleasure to behold. The country is very mountainous, the green forests are dense, and the burnt lands stretch away for miles in every direction.

The territory is dotted with ponds in every direction, many of them being separated only by a very narrow strip of land, and all of them are full of trout of one variety or another. Brook trout are the rule in these ponds, but in some of the larger ones mammoth lake trout or togue are found, and hundreds are caught every year.

There is no section of Maine where small brook trout are more plentiful than in the Dead River region. I have known a good many anglers to catch from 100 to 200 in a day, and not a few have taken from 1000 to 1500 on the fly in a week. Of course this would be a needless slaughter if all these fish were killed, but I am happy to be able to say that the camp proprietors insist that only what fish are needed for food, and a few to take home, shall be killed. All true sportsmen appreciate the wisdom of this, and gladly return their fish to the water after they have been landed. A few go so far as to return every fish they catch, but the majority save a





HARRY M. PIERCE AND CAMP AT KING AND BARTLETT, DEAD RIVER REGION.

few of the larger ones and return the remainder. There are many streams in this region which afford excellent sport for those who enjoy stream fishing. Besides Dead river, of which there are two branches, and Carrabassett river, there are many smaller streams which do not deserve the name of river on account of their size, but which are full of lively speckled beauties. Alder stream and Stratton brook are among the best of the trout streams in this region.

There are two ways of reaching the Dead River region by public conveyance. Both routes are the same as far as Strong, which is reached by the Sandy River railroad, from Farmington, the terminus of the Maine Central road. The Franklin & Megantic railroad takes the tourist from Strong to Carrabassett station, and from there the mail stage may be taken to Stratton or Eustis, or if Flagstaff or Lower Dead River is the destination, private teams from the hotels or camps must be taken. There is excellent fishing and hunting right around Carrabassett station, and many sportsmen remain here, and usually meet with success. The Carrabassett House is a fine new hotel, with all modern improvements.

By the other route the sportsman continues on the Sandy River railroad to Phillips, where the Phillips & Rangeley railroad is taken to Dead River station four miles south of Rangeley village. Here Mr. I. W. Greene's stage, which runs only during the fishing and hunting seasons, is taken. In Coplin plantation, ten miles from Dead River station, is situated Mr. Greene's farmhouse, which is in reality a modern hotel, and here supper is eaten. The house is on the bank of Dead river, and is a popular resort with sportsmen, particularly those who are fond of stream fishing. Game of all kinds and partridges in particular are very plentiful in this vicinity. Mr. Green has just completed two handsome cottages for the convenience of parties who prefer a house to themselves.

By either route a person may leave Boston in the morning and reach Eustis late in the evening the same day, or returning may leave Eustis at 7.30 a. m. and reach Boston at 9.30 p. m., the same day.

Of all the public sporting resorts in the Dead River region, the "King and Bartlett Preserve" is the largest and best known. There are nearly thirty camps on the preserve, the home camps being situated on the shore of beautiful Big King Lake. On the 50,000 acres of this preserve are twenty lakes, ponds, bogs and streams, all of them full of trout. Big Spencer Lake, three miles from the home

camp, is full of big togue, and in 1894 a togue weighing nearly 17 lbs. was taken here. Brook trout are also taken from this lake. Big Spencer is the largest of the lakes in this vicinity, and is nine miles in length.

Among the other ponds on this preserve are Little King Lake, Horse Shoe Pond, Parker Pond, Stony Pond, Porter Pond, Felker Pond, Beck Pond, Bear Brook Bog, Little Bear Brook Bog, all of which contain plenty of trout, and some of which have been stocked with land-locked salmon. There are good camps on the shore of six of these ponds. The woods about King and Bartlett are full of game, including deer, moose, caribou, bears, and small game, and ducks and geese frequently are in the ponds at flight time. Mr. Harry M. Pierce is proprietor of the camps on the King and Bartlett preserve. The home camps are sixteen miles from Eustis, by buckboard road.

Nine miles from Eustis, on the King and Bartlett road, and on the shore of Deer Pond, are located Deer Pond Camps, owned by Mr. Will W. Douglass, son of the famous guide, Andrew S. Douglass. This is a charming spot, and the lake is unsurpassed for trout fishing.

Kibby camps and Camp Jack, in the famous Kibby valley, are famous resorts, particularly popular with hunters for big game, and are not far from Deer Pond. Mr. Otis R. Witham is proprietor of the camps at Kibby and Camp Jack.

Blakesley Camps and Spring Lake Camps, in this vicinity, are also popular resorts for sportsmen.

Round Mountain Lake is a beautiful sheet of water, nine miles from Eustis and not far from the Megantic preserve, and is a favorite resort both in summer and in the hunting season. Mr. E. R. Smith, proprietor of the camps, is a pioneer in the sporting resort business, commencing business in company with his father, when but a mere lad

Everybody who knows anything about Rangeley or the Dead River region knows, or at least knows about Ed. Grant, proprietor of the camps at Seven Ponds six miles above Kennebago, and not many miles from Tim Pond. The home camps are located at Beaver Pond, but there are good camps on the shore of several other ponds in the vicinity. This is a good place for both fish and game.

Mr. Julian K. Viles, proprietor of the camps at Tim Pond guarantees that trout will rise to the fly every day in open season, regardless of the weather, and has thus far been able to back up his

guarantee. The trout are not large, averaging nine or ten inches in length, but there are thousands and thousands of them, and they are delicious.

The Lower Dead River territory is full of game and fish, and many sportsmen consider this the best of the Dead River country. The Ledge House and the Mt. Bigelow House are in the heart of the hunting and fishing territory, and Carry Pond Camps are in a charming location.

Tufts Pond in Kingfield, Camp Saddleback and Quimby Lake Camps, near Rangeley, are favorite resorts, and there are still others in the Rangeley and Dead River territory, but I think all the more important ones have been mentioned.

The "Dead River Guides' and Camp Owners' association" was organized Feb. 6, 1897, with the following officers: President, A. M. Jones; vice president, A. L. Savage; secretary, A. B. Douglass; treasurer, John Sylvester; collector, William Berry; directors, W. S. Emery, William Lockyear, Grant Fuller, F. M. Viles, A. B. Douglass. The objects of this association are to protect fish and game, secure equal wages for all competent guides, to further advertise the Dead River region, and in every possible way to contribute to the interests of the guides and of the sportsmen who visit that region.



THE MEGANTIC PRESERVE AND CLUB.

THE Megantic Preserve, which also includes some territory in the provinces, is the largest fish and game preserve, strictly speaking, as well as one of the best from the sportsman's standpoint, in the state, including, with the Canadian territory, about 250 square miles of land, mostly an unbroken wilderness.

The Megantic Fish and Game corporation was organized in Boston, in January, 1887, being incorporated under the laws of Maine, February 15, and obtaining a charter from the province of Quebec, March 26, the same year.

The club owns and leases a territory containing three lakes, twenty ponds, six rivers, eight smaller streams and eight bogs. The entire territory is an unbroken wilderness, abounding in all kinds of game which thrive in this climate, particularly moose, deer, caribou and bears, besides partridges, all kinds of water fowl and other smaller game. The preserve is 3000 feet above sea level, and in some points much higher. The club owns a large and convenient club house, a fish hatchery and more than thirty camps, scattered all over the preserve. The waters are full of trout and black bass, and at the present time land-locked salmon, which have been introduced in some of the ponds, are doing finely.

The following bodies of water are included in the preserve: Ponds—(seven ponds), Beaver, Grant, Little Northwest, Long, Big Island, Little Island, L. Pond, Rock, Big North-South Boundary,—(chain of ponds), Bog, Long, Upper and Lower Pocket, Round,—(miscellaneous ponds), Arnold, Crosby, Horseshoe, Mud, Otter; lakes—Megantic, Rush, Spider; rivers—Arnold, Dead, Indian, Upper Kennebago, Upper Spider, Lower Spider; streams—Clear Water, Gore, Horseshoe, Indian; brooks—Bear, Dennison, Gold, Robinson; bogs—Arnold, Big Beaver, Cranberry, Caribou, Upper Hathan, Lower Hathan, Massachusetts.

The principal camps are located as follows: Club House,

camp at Arnold Bog, Arnold Pond, Big Island (9), Big Northwest (3), Chain of Ponds (7), Crosby, Kibby Valley, Moose River (2), Massachusetts Bog, Spider River (2).

Macannamac Lodge, the main club house, is situated on the southern shore of the beautiful Spider or Macannamac Lake. Inside the club house is a very cosy parlor, fitted up with everything to be found in the parlor of a city house, including piano and fireplace. The halls, dining room, sleeping rooms and everything about the club headquarters are fitted in good taste, and are specially attractive to women and children who do not feel inclined to make the journey through the forest to the camps beyond.

Moose, deer and caribou are frequently seen near the lodge, but are not as numerous as further in the forest, where they abound. All kinds of small game are easily obtained here, however, and the lake is full of fish, particularly black bass, while in Spider River, close by, there are plenty of trout.

After a brief tarry at the club house the sportsman longs to be in the depth of the forest, and the start is made, taking the seven miles trail to the nearest camp on Crosby Pond, or he may take the launch to the Three Lakes, then the steamer on Lake Megantic to Woburn, and by buckboard road to Cameron's. A walk of one mile and Arnold Pond is reached; the pond is crossed and a walk of another mile and a half and you are at Crosby camp. Crosby is a small pond, about a mile and a half by a mile, but it is full of trout of large size, and is a favorite watering place for deer. From Crosby trips can easily be made to Upper Hathan Bog, half a mile distant, Lower, Hathan Bog, a mile away, and Cranberry Bog. Arnold Pond, before mentioned, is at the foot of Black Mountain, a very romantic spot, and here is a good camp. Mud Pond is but a quarter of a mile away, and here some very excellent trout fishing may be found. Another quarter of a mile and Horseshoe Pond, also full of large trout, is found. A mile and a quarter beyond this is Otter Pond.

Massachusetts Bog, where is one of the most charming camps on the whole preserve, is reached by an easy tramp of two and one-half miles from Arnold Pond. Three and one-half miles from Massachusetts Bog is a beautiful sheet of water called Northwest Pond. Here are located three excellent camps besides a private camp belonging to Mr. A. W. Gleason of New York. Little

Northwest and South Boundary Ponds are each a quarter of a mile from here, and Grant Pond, which is particularly noted for its large and gamy trout, is but half a mile away. From Grant Pond it is but a mile to Big Island Pond, the largest and most beautiful of the Seven Ponds, and which derives its name from the large island in its centre. The club has nearly a dozen camps here, and Dr. George W. McAleer and Mr. J. W. Mason, two of the most prominent members of the club, have private camps.

The club's fish hatchery is located here, and is extremely interesting to those who have never visited one.

At Big Island Pond the club has recently purchased a tract of land one and a quarter miles square, bordering on the northern end of the pond, comprising a territory of about 1000 acres and including the whole of Rock Pond. Here some very comfortable camps have been built. One-third of a mile from Big Island Pond is L. Pond, a favorite fishing resort, where one is almost always sure to fill a creel.

From L. Pond one can visit Beaver Pond, one and a half miles distant, and from Beaver Pond go to Long Pond, a quarter of a mile distant. The last three ponds lie in a territory subleased by the club to Mr. Edward Grant.

From Big Island Pond to the camps on Long Pond, of the chain of ponds, is seven and one-half miles by easy trail. Long Pond is a beautiful sheet of water 3000 feet above the sea, with the most charming mountain scenery. The club camps are situated on a small peninsula recently purchased by the club, about midway of the pond, and a man and woman are employed to attend to the wants of guests. Dr. Heber Bishop, Mr. George A. Gibson, Mr. D. C. Pierce and Mr. A. W. Robinson of Boston, have private camps here. The fishing is excellent, especially in early June, when very large trout are taken.

The Chain of Ponds consists of Round, Long, Upper Bog, and Lower Pocket Ponds, offering a variety of waters for the trial of the angler, and, as at other points in the preserve, the game is abundant.

The distance from the Chain of Ponds to the club house is ten and one-half miles by trail. From Chain of Ponds to Eustis is twelve miles by buckboard.

The Sporting Department

OF THE

.....Farmington Independent,

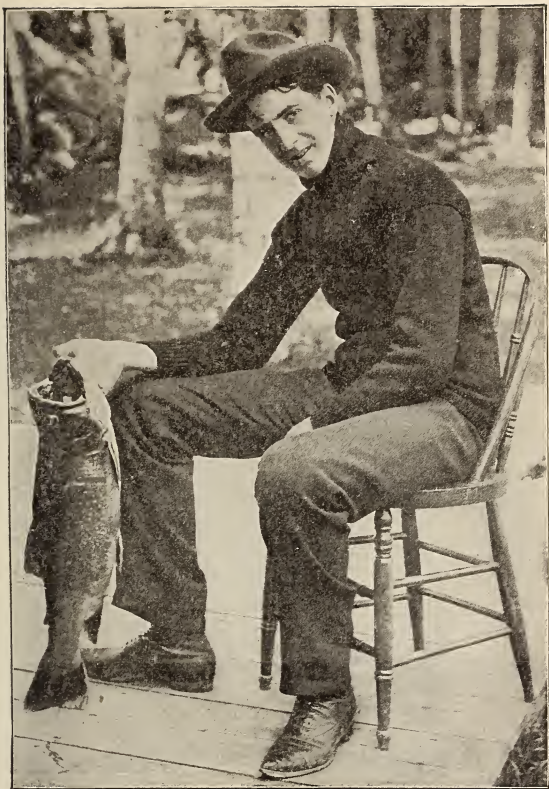
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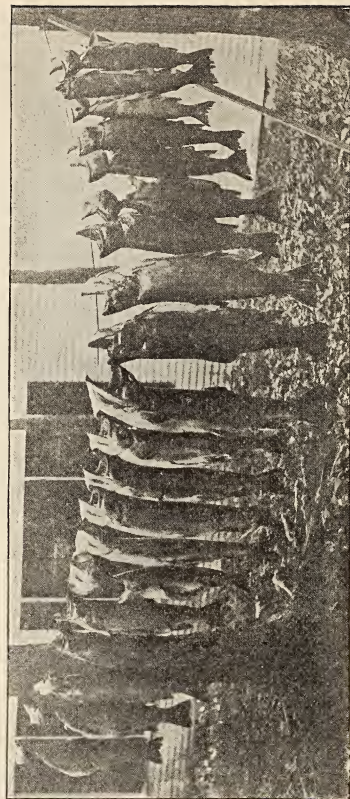
H. L. GOODWIN,
Editor and Publisher,
Farmington, Maine,
U. S. A.

The club employs a Maine game warden, who is also general superintendent of the preserve, and a Canadian warden who looks after the interests of the club across the border. Caretakers are employed during the winter to assist the wardens, prepare wood and ice for summer use, repair the camps, boats, etc., and look after things generally.

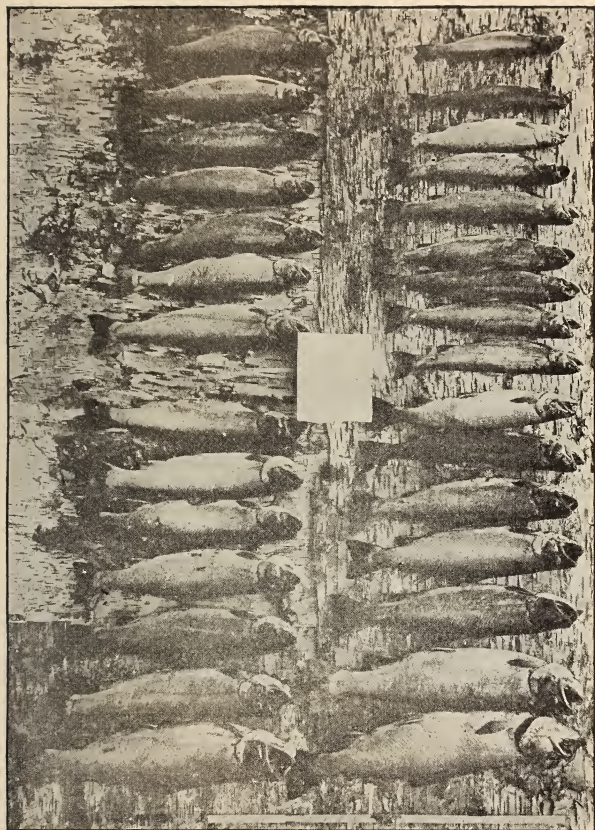




O. L. SIMPSON OF N. Y. AND 8 1-4 LB. TROUT TAKEN NEAR HAINES' LANDING. .



20 TROUT FROM MOOSELOOKMEGUNTIC LAKE, WEIGHING 68 1-2 LBS.





HEALD POND.

PART II.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

FOR a good many years Moosehead Lake, the largest body of water in the state of Maine, has been an ideal fishing ground, and many is the monster trout that has been drawn from its depths. There is a tradition which is to the effect that once upon a time, many, many years ago—how many I should not dare to state—a lake trout weighing no less than 37 pounds was safely landed by an enthusiastic devotee of the renowned Izaak Walton, but I have never been able to obtain any authentic record of such a fish, and the tradition is no doubt more of a fable than anything else.

However this may be, it is certain that a great many very large lake trout, and thousands of smaller fish have rewarded the anglers who annually cast their lines in Moosehead Lake.

The lake is forty miles long, and varies from two to fifteen miles in width. The lake is dotted with islands of all sizes, and its shores for wild and picturesque beauty will compare favorably with the finest scenery on the American continent. Lofty hills and mountain peaks are visible in all directions, and beautiful green forests are on all sides.

Mt. Kineo, the grandest of the mountains in the state, although not the highest, at the base of which is the Kineo House—one of the best and largest hotels in Maine—looms up in all its grandeur, and is really one of the most attractive points in the state. The Kineo House is in one of the most sightly positions on the lake, and its one hundred and fifty rooms are nearly always filled during the fishing season. and still later, during the hunting months, it continues to be a lively place.

Close beside this hotel is a large and handsome clubhouse, owned by a club of wealthy American anglers who spend the entire season there, oftentimes.

There are many smaller bodies of water in the vicinity of Moosehead, which afford excellent fishing, and are easily reached. The east branch of the Penobscot, the Allegash, St. John and Aroostook rivers are reached by following the west branch of the Penobscot to Lake Chesuncook and thence north. There are excellent camps at Lake Chesuncook, and sportsmen who wish to get away from civilization can find no better place to spend an outing.

The outlet of Moosehead Lake is twelve miles from the terminus of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad at Greenville, and is the beginning of the Kennebec river. Comfortable camps for anglers are found at Northeast and Northwest Carrys, at the head of the lake.

Deer Island, about half way between Greenville and Mt. Kineo, is a favorite resort for sportsmen, and good camps have been built at a great many other points on the shore of the lake, so that there are a plenty of resorts for the tourist to select from.

Chesuncook Lake is situated about twenty miles down the west branch of the Penobscot, and is a beautiful sheet of water about fifteen miles in length. The Chesuncook House, located here is a fine hotel, and has accommodations for twenty-five or thirty guests.

The entire Moosehead Lake region is full of game of all kinds, particularly moose, deer, caribou and bears, and a large proportion of the large game killed in the state each year gets the death wound in this region. This is also in the heart of the lumbering territory, and some of the largest lumbering camps in the state are located within a short distance of the lake and on the two branches of the Penobscot river, beyond. In the winter the lake is frozen over so solid that there is a great amount of heavy teaming across the ice, saving very long distances in travel.

The Moosehead region is certainly well worth a visit from those who love nature in its primitive state.

The territory north of Lake Chesuncook is not easily reached, but sportsmen are going farther into the wilderness each year, and new attractions are continually being discovered.

Mr. Frank L. Shaw, principal of the Shaw Business college in the city of Portland, has recently purchased the old Morris farm,

so-called, something like a hundred acres in size, and situated between Moosehead and Chesuncook Lakes, and will remodel the buildings into a camp, which will be called "Camp Greenwood," where he will spend his vacations during the hunting and fishing seasons, and where his friends will doubtless be royally entertained. The farm is located about two miles from Chesuncook Lake and not far from several other lakes and ponds, having an area of some one hundred square miles. It is in the centre of a strip of country comprising nearly six hundred square miles, upon which there is no other human habitation, with the exception of an occasional lumber camp.

January 15, 1897, the guides in the Moosehead region met at the Moosehead Inn at Greenville, and followed the good example set by the Rangeley guides, and organized the Moosehead Lake Protective association, which is to boom and protect Moosehead waters, and surrounding territory.



THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

A MAMMOTH cave was discovered up in the Allegash country in January, 1896, which has been explored by several parties since then, and which is held to be of much interest.

Mr. F. O. Gould, superintendent of the City Hospital in Old Town, went on an exploring expedition through the lumbering region in the extreme northern part of Maine, and was for a short time in a camp on the shore of Allegash Lake, not very far from the north end of Chamberlain Lake, and about fifty miles north of Moosehead Lake. Allegash Lake is accessible only by tote roads from Chesuncook Lake up to Chamberlain, thence by crossing to the westward through the woods to Tom Lawler's camps on the lake shore.

Mr. Gould was at Lawler's lower camp when he heard that a lumberman had discovered a cavern of considerable magnitude some distance beyond Lawler's more northern camp, and being curious about the matter, he decided upon investigating the story for himself. The result of his investigation was told the writer, who soon after went to the lumbering regions in search of adventure, but could not then visit the wonderful cave.

It seems that in the early part of January a workman who was stopping at Lawler's camp, while tramping on the shore near the northwestern corner of Allegash Lake, three-fourths of a mile or so from the camp, discovered a hole in the side of the hill, of which he had never heard, which in fact, had never before been discovered. The discovery came about in rather a remarkable way, and a hundred men might have gone as near the opening as this man did and never have noticed it. This workman, however, noticed the peculiar appearance of the bushes about it, and investigated to find the cause, and at the same time discovered the hole. The bushes looked as though steam or hot air had been blown upon them and then frozen.

The man peered into the hole, and was so startled when he found he could not see the end of it that he fled in fright. He told the

story at camp, but was not believed until the following Sunday, when fifteen men went to investigate, and found it just as he had said. Not one of the fifteen men, however, dared to enter the hole, and no exploration was made at this time.

The excitement over the affair had not died out in the camp when Gould came along, and expressed the determination to enter the hole and find out what was inside. After considerable effort, he succeeded in inducing three men, Steve Buzzell of Old Town, one of the Lawyers and a man named Howe, to go with him, though all were thoroughly convinced that Gould would not have the courage to enter the cave. In this, however, they proved very much mistaken, for he went about the task at once upon arriving at the opening.

When the party reached the mouth of the cave lanterns were lighted, and a vestibule of the labyrinth was entered. The men found it a good-sized passage, and walked in about ten or twelve feet without difficulty. Then they came to a great boulder stuck right in their path. After feeling about they found a hole under each side of the boulder—which they estimated to weigh ten or twelve tons—through which a man could crawl. After some hesitation Mr. Gould crept through one of the holes and found a large open space on the opposite side of the boulder. The other men then crept through the narrow space, and the party began a thorough investigation of the surroundings, which were far different from anything they had ever seen before.

They found themselves in a narrow chamber of great height, which appeared to run off into an apex of tunnel shape, and running downward at an angle of about 45 degrees. The floor was mostly of solid rock, and was hard and smooth. After walking along four or five rods a large chamber, of a height so great that the lanterns did not reveal the top, was entered.

The walls were found to be of rough rock, and the room was a regular bat cage, and the walls and crevices, and even portions of the floor were covered with them, and they were so dull and stupid that those within reach could easily be taken in the hands. It might easily be imagined that this was the winter home of all the bats in North America, they were so numerous.

Mr. Gould and his companions named this cavern the "Reception Hall." There was an opening in the floor something like two and a half feet square, and so irregular that it was hard to determine its shape. This opening slanted a very little, enough so that a person

could keep a foothold, and Mr. Gould, determined to investigate the entire cave, at once proceeded to climb down. After about sixteen feet of this climbing he came to a sort of bottom, running off in a narrow rock-lined passage, at a downward angle for perhaps twenty feet or so. At the end of this tunnel the explorer was surprised to find another large chamber. It was so large that it was not fully explored, but Mr. Gould says that this cavern, which he named the "Drawing Room," is very extensive, and doubtless leads to still other chambers, though this party did not investigate further in this direction, for the reason that Mr. Gould could not induce his companions to go farther.

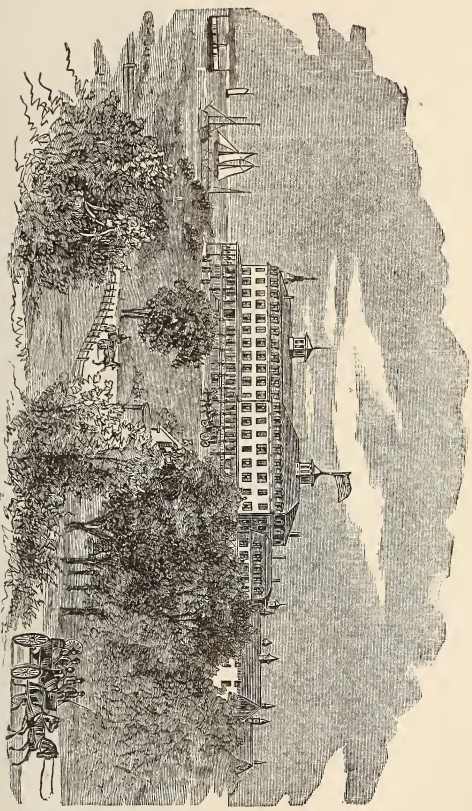
Mr. Gould returned to his companions, who had not entered "Hades," as they chose to term the lower regions of the cave, and proceeded to make a more thorough examination of the "Reception Room." He discovered a second passage leading off about twenty feet, making a sharp turn, then going straight ahead about a hundred feet, to another large chamber, which was called the "Ball Room," from a fancied resemblance to the ball room of civilization. Mr. Gould did not dare to venture further in this direction for fear of losing his way, and his companions, who had not followed him.

During Mr. Gould's visit to the "Ball Room" one of his companions had discovered a third opening from the "Reception Room," and had found another small apartment just within the walls of the main room. The passage to this room was under the big rock, and was so small that only a very small man could get through.

The party had been in the cave more than three hours, and, fearing that the oil in their lanterns would not last, they did not dare to remain longer.

Early in the following spring some of the lumbermen who had been at Lawler's camps in the winter, visited the cave and explored five or six rooms that were not entered by Mr. Gould and his companions when they made the first explorations.

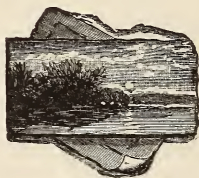
In September, 1896, a party of newspaper men explored the cave, but no further discoveries were made. The party named one of the rooms the "Fisher's Well," because tracks and other signs of a fisher cat were discovered here by the Penobscot Indian who went with the party as their guide. Traces of foxes were also found, along with some broken shells of wild duck eggs, which had doubtless been consumed by his foxship. This party also consider



A POPULAR SEASIDE RESORT.

it probable that the cave has long been the home of wild animals of different species, and doubtless many a bear and catamount has slept in comfort in the different apartments.

Two or three parties of sportsmen have also visited the cave and found it as here described, but have added nothing to the general information in regard to it. This is the largest cave in this part of America, and guides and sportsmen think that when an easier route to the lake has been provided, tourists will be likely to flock to it in great numbers, and that to such it will become, for a time at least, one of the most attractive spots in New England.





MOOSEHEAD LAKE, FROM MT. KINEO.

THE NEW NORTHEAST.

THE Aroostook River region, or the "New Northeast," as it is frequently called, is comparatively new territory to the fisherman and gunner, having first been made easy of access by the building and extensions of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad in the last few years. This is an immense territory, including the whole of northern Aroostook county, though but a small portion of it has yet been opened to the world by the steam railroad. Portage Lake, in the extreme north, affords some of the best fishing in Maine, and from the fact that it has been fished but very little, is very attractive to sportsmen.

In the vicinity of Mt. Katahdin are Schoodic Lake, Seboois Lake, Twin Lakes, Millinockett Lake, and numerous ponds and streams, all of which are alive with trout, anxious to take the fly or worm. Typical log camps, which, however, are supplied with all necessary conveniences for comfortable living, are located on the shore of all these lakes, and a hearty welcome and a good meal are always awaiting the new arrival.

The Katahdin region is one of the best localities in Maine for hunting, where deer and other large game are found in good numbers. the deer being particularly numerous, and moose and caribou being oftener seen in this locality than in any other part of the state.

Nicotous Lake, at the head of the Passadumkeag River, is a famous resort, and the home of mammoth trout, as well as of smaller fish. Here are located the sporting camps of the famous "Jock" Darling, game warden, long a notorious poacher, for whom the officers were continually hunting, until he reformed a few years ago. Mr. Darling, who died in January, 1898, had the reputation of being, and probably was the most expert woodsman and most experienced guide in the state. At all events his services were at all times in great demand during the fishing and shooting seasons,

and he was considered an infallible authority on all matters relating to these sports.

Schoodic, just north of Brownville and not very far from the Katahdin Iron Works, though not very far into the wilderness, is a favorite fishing and hunting resort. The lake is twelve miles long and averages about two miles in width. The scenery about this lake is magnificent, the air is excellent, and the hardwood growth on the shores, particularly the white birch forests, make the landscape bright and charming, while the birds and larger game in the woods prove a great attraction to sportsmen from far and near. Mr. Benjamin Ballard has some fine camps on the shore of the lake, and not far from the station on the Bangor & Aroostook railroad.

On the shore of Seboois Lake, two miles from West Seboois station are two camps owned and controlled by Mr. Edwin Stetson, which may be reached by either land or water. The row across the lake from the station is particularly delightful.

Trout Pond, six miles from West Seboois, is a small body of water which has become so popular among a class of sportsmen who spend weeks and even months in the woods each year, that a colony of cottages has been located on its shores, and several ladies usually spend the summer with their husbands here.

Norcross is situated at the foot of North Twin Lake, which is connected with Pemadumcook, Ambejejus and South Twin lakes. There are steamers running to all points, including a landing within about fifty rods of Millinockett Lake. Nahmakanta Lake is but a short distance to the west, and is easily reached. Resorts for sportsmen are numerous in this vicinity, and accommodations of almost any sort can be found.

The Gerrish Camps at North Twin Dam, on Millinockett Lake, a mile or a little more above Norcross, are among the best in the state, and probably are as popular as any, to say the least. The main camp is situated 72 miles from Bangor, and is on a fine, high elevation, from which a fine view of the surrounding country may be obtained. From the veranda of the camp one of the grandest views of Mt. Katahdin can be had.

Millinockett Lake is in distance about six miles from the station of the same name. There are numerous camps in different locations on the shore of this lake, and a score of competent guides have headquarters within a short distance from here. The scenery

near here is fine, bears are frequently seen before winter sets in, and deer, caribou and moose are quite numerous. To see deer swimming in the lake is no uncommon thing. Birds are also particularly numerous in this region.

Togue Pond, immediately at the foot of Mt. Katahdin, is a famous trout pond, where fish may be taken at almost any time, and some of them are famous for their size.

Littleton, Bridgewater, Mars Hill, Blaine and Westfield are the ports of entry to the great region surrounding Ashland, Ox Bow and Masardis, and are intersected by the Big Machias and Fish waters, all tributaries to the Aroostook and St. John. The Presque Isle river and tributaries afford the best of sport to those who care more particularly for small trout fishing.

The famous salmon pool in the Aroostook river at Caribou, is about half a mile from the hotels, and a line was never wet in better salmon waters in this or any other state. Thousands of fish may be seen to jump from the water any day after the fish begin to run. None of the fish are very small, and they run up to about fifteen pounds and sometimes over that in weight. These salmon are remarkable fighters, and one of the big fellows will tax the strength and skill of the most experienced fisherman, and will make a fight never to be forgotten by the angler. The hatchery at Caribou is one of the best in the state.

Lake Madawaska, eighteen miles from Caribou, is the objective point of many sporting parties and is one of the best lakes for fishing in this region. The Fish River lakes are all connected by navigable thoroughfares, so that travel from one to another of the lakes is easy and comfortable. McCluskey and Square lakes, fourteen and twenty miles from Caribou, are favorite fishing resorts, and good camps and guides are always found at each, as well as at other lakes and places that have been mentioned.

The Ashland, Masardis, Ox Bow and Portage Lake region extends in a westerly direction from Portage Lake, the Aroostook River and Ox Bow plantation to the Canadian line, a distance of about 75 miles. It not only includes that part of Aroostook county west of the Aroostook river, but also includes parts of northern Penobscot and Piscataquis counties. It is a vast wilderness with but a single small settlement, located at Seven Islands in the St. John river in the whole territory. It is a broken primeval wooded country, consisting of small

mountains, hills, ridges, swells, valleys and level stretches. The country is full of tote roads, comfortable for foot travel, but quite unsuited to bicycling.

This region contains numerous lakes, small rivers, streams and brooks, which are found on every hand. Many of the lakes are several miles in length, though none of them are what would be called large bodies of water. The lakes most visited by sportsmen are the Moose-leck, Munsungun, Millemagasset, Big Machias, Clayton, Pratt, Round Pond, Big Fish, Long and Portage. All these waters are plentifully supplied with trout, varying in size, from the tiny fellow, up to six pounds or more in weight. No black bass or pickerel are found in these waters, which are natural trout waters.

Moose are quite numerous, particularly in the Big Machias section, and deer and caribou are plentifully scattered throughout the entire territory. Partridges are found by thousands and are often nearly as tame as barnyard fowl. Bears, wildcats and other animals of a similar character are seen occasionally, and all kinds of small game is abundant.

Charles G. Reed, with headquarters at Ashland, runs a fine line of camps in the Machias, Portage Lake and Squa Pan region, reached by team and by canoeing up the river. He devotes his entire time to sportsmen, furnishes everything, including boats, canoes and guides, and makes his guests at once feel comfortable and at home. The camps are the regulation log cabins and are substantial and tight, making them warm and comfortable. There are camps at Big Machias Lake, Pratt Lake, Clayton Lake, and Big Fish Lake.

W. A. Atkins of Ox Bow owns good camps, and others are owned by Fred McNally, Ira McKay and Charles Peterson, all of Ashland.

Many ladies visit this section each year, and they always find the accommodations, though not elegant or luxurious, comfortable and sufficient.

To appreciate the wonderful hunting and fishing grounds of the "New Northeast," one must visit them. Whatever particular lake or camp the sportsman visits, he is sure of a hearty welcome, courteous attention, good guides, plenty of either fish or game, or both at the right season, and reasonable prices. I one wants luxuriance the camps of the Megantic club should be visited, but be sure you go with a member of the club.

Mr. Albro E. Chase, principal of the Portland high school, has



ALDER STREAM, IN THE DEAD RIVER REGION.



IN CAMP AT LAKE MACWAHOG.



HER CURIOSITY EXCITED.



ON MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

recently built a camp for his own private use, near Smyrna Mills, on the line of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad, and will spend his summers here. Mr. Chase is an enthusiastic sportsman, and is a great admirer of the New Northeast.

The amount of large game shipped over the Bangor & Aroostook railroad has increased very rapidly each year since the opening of the road. The shipments for the past four years over this road have been as follows:

		Deer.	Moose.	Caribou.
Shipped in Oct., Nov. and Dec.,	1894,	1001	45	50
" " " " " "	1895,	1581	112	130
" " " " " "	1896,	2245	133	130
" " " " " "	1897,	2940	139	78

In 1897 the open season on moose and caribou was from Oct. 15 to Dec. 1 only, but half as long as in the former years mentioned.

The Bangor & Aroostook railroad issues a folder called the "Angler's Pathfinder," which is a very good directory of the waters of the New Northeast and the Moosehead region, which will be sent to any angler who asks for it.



ODDITIES IN MAINE GAME.

FIRST and last the state of Maine has furnished the sporting world with a good many oddities in game, particularly in the shape of animals of different varieties, which were perfect albinos. Many of these have been mounted and in some cases have brought the owners a good fat sum. In several cases, however, the animals have not been preserved, and the hunters have deprived themselves unwittingly, of quite a revenue.

The first and only pure white moose that I ever knew of in this state, was shot on the north side of Mt. Saddleback, not far from the town of Madrid, early in November, 1895, by a Mr. Sargent of Grafton. This remarkable specimen of the moose tribe was a very large bull with a fine set of antlers, and dressed just 651 pounds. The moose was mounted whole, but where it is to-day, I have been unable to learn. An albino moose is about as rare as a hen with teeth, and very few have ever been seen, I think not more than half a dozen.

Albino deer are much more common than albino moose, though a pure white animal of this kind is seldom seen. Spotted deer are not very rare, and in some cases the white predominates. These are not strictly albinos, though they are sometimes called that. Of all the albinos killed in Maine during the season of 1896, Mr. A. A. Howard of Lewiston secured the most valuable, a monster buck deer, as white as snow. The buck was killed up in the Katahdin Iron Works region, quite early in the season. Mr. Howard formerly lived up that way and is thoroughly acquainted with the woods thereabouts. He was accompanied by Messrs. J. R. Gibbs and Eugene Gibbs, both of Lewiston. The party put up at "Teen" Moores' farmhouse, ten miles or so north of Brownville, and during their stop each got a deer. The white buck was one of a herd of eleven deer.

During the season of 1895, late in October, a snow white deer was shot in the town of Linneus by Zebulon and William Williams of Hodgdon. They both saw and fired at the white animal at exactly

SPRING FISHING

} is a good subject for consider-
ation at this season of
the year.....

WOULDN'T
IT BE A
GOOD
IDEA

to look over
YOUR
TACKLE
and repair
any broken
tips, to re-
plenish
your Stock
of Flies, or
fix that
hole in the
Landing
net, by
which you
lost that 6-
pounder
last year?



PLAYING A DOUBLE.

WOULDN'T
IT BE A
GOOD
IDEA

to look up
the Best
Fishing
Grounds in
the Range-
ley Lakes,
Moosehead
Lake, and
those new
streams in
Aroostook
and Penob-
scot count-
ies.

ABOUT BIG GAME IN MAINE.

. . . Fine Map Sent Free. . .

The Maine Central Railroad

.....forms the all rail route to all Maine resorts.

Cast a Fly- leaf in our direction and we will send an illustrated guide
with a nice map. Mention "Maine Woods and Water
Folk," and send to.....F. E. BOOTHBY,

GEO. F. EVANS,
Vice Pres't and Gen'l Manager.

Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Portland, Maine.

the same moment, so it is impossible to tell which fired the fatal shot. When they fired neither knew what the animal was, and they were greatly surprised to find that it was a deer. They failed to realize the true value of so rare an animal as a perfect albino deer, and cut it up for food before showing it to anyone.

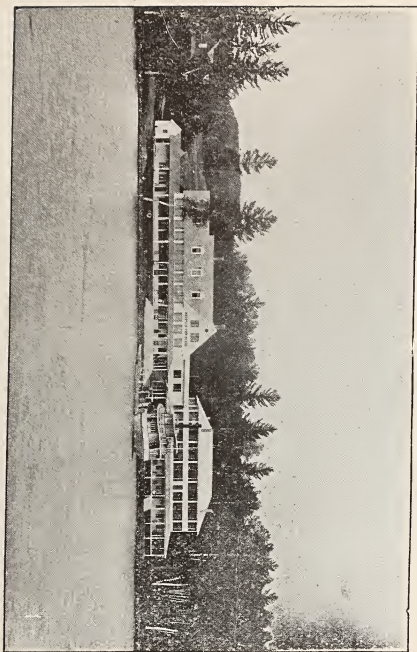
October 2, 1895, Mr. Ralph Dyer of Farmington shot two deer in the town of Phillips, one of them about a quarter white. I have heard of some half dozen other deer, partially white, which have been killed within two years, but the pure white animals are very rare.

In the dining room at the Shaw House, in Eustis, are two very handsome spotted deer, each at least half white, which attracted a great deal of attention at the World's Fair in Chicago. Both were shot within a few miles of Eustis village.

Last season two cream-colored deer were killed; one a doe, was shot near the Katahdin Iron Works, and the other, a small buck, got its death wound near Amherst village. These deer were not of the buckskin variety, but were a genuine cream color, with now and then a place a pearly white with a tint of salmon. Another new tint in a deer's coat was brought to light in Dedham in November. It was a big buck, four years old or more, and a perfect specimen. Instead of the rusty gray coat which most deer have, this one was beautifully dappled, making it look like an overgrown fawn. Several deer with a dark flank and black lines along the sides of the belly have been killed recently, and two nearly black deer have been seen, though none of this color have been killed to my knowledge.

Deer that have been wounded and have recovered are often killed, and some cases of this kind are nothing short of wonderful. Early last October Jerry Dunn of Costigan killed a deer which had lost one of its forelegs below the knee. The whole leg was very small, giving the impression that the hurt had been received when very young. The other leg was unusually large and well developed, and appeared to have been capable of doing double duty since the loss of its mate.

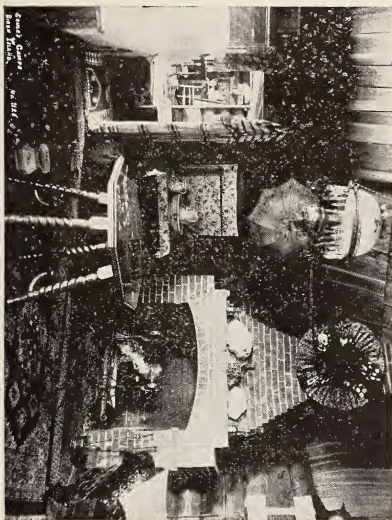
Mr. Mitchell of Shirley shot a deer that has puzzled the hunters who knew of it considerably, in October, 1896. It was a buck weighing 160 pounds, and hornless. There not only were no horns but no velvety sprouts to indicate that the horns had been delayed. As deer do not shed their horns until much later in the season than



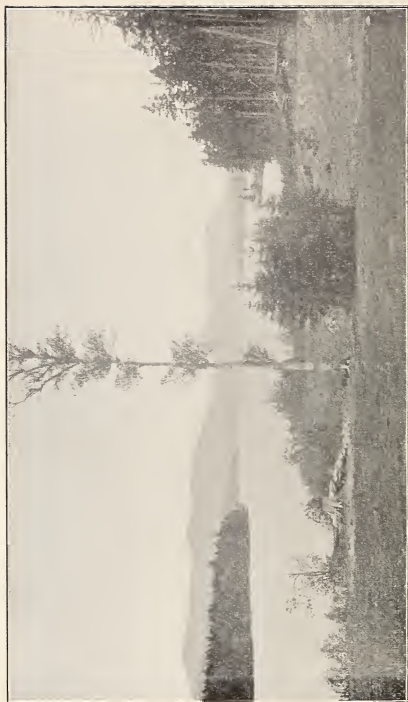
MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE, RANGELEY.



FAMOUS TROUT POOL AT UPPER DAM.



INTERIOR OF A CAMP AT BIRCH ISLAND, CUPERSUPIC LAKE.



KENNEBAGO LAKE, FROM HOTEL PIAZZA.

the date on which this animal was killed, the idea has been expressed that this animal is the forerunner of a new breed of hornless deer. There is no reason for such a theory as this, however, for of course the animal was nothing more or less than a freak of nature.

Last winter Mr. William Cooper of Milo, a well-known taxidermist, received a perfect mature albino porcupine, for mounting. The animal, which was shipped to the taxidermist in a barrel, alive, had the bright pink eyes of the genuine albino. When the animal rolled itself up into a ball no spines showed, and the effect was very beautiful. It looked more like a big ball of fluffy white silk than anything else.

A white fox and a black fox were shot in the Dead River country last year. I have also seen a snow white albino ruffed grouse, and have heard of an albino crow, though I never saw one. I should think such a bird would be a curiosity indeed.

Albino caribou are much more rare than albino deer, and it has been a good while since one was killed in this state, I believe, and but a very few have ever been placed on record in this state or country.



WOMEN WHO HUNT.

SEVERAL years ago Mrs. George Walker of Newton Centre, Mass., daughter-in-law of Congressman Walker, shot a large moose at John's Pond, in the Kennebago Lake region, gaining great notoriety by her feat. At that time the killing of a moose by a woman was a thing almost unheard of, though several women have since done the same thing.

Mrs. D. S. Thompson of Livermore Falls is a woman who has many times accompanied her husband on his hunting and fishing trips, and as an angler she has few superiors. She is also a crack shot with the rifle, and has at least two deer to her credit. Mr. Thompson is a devoted sportsman, and never lets an opportunity to go to the woods, pass by. Mrs. Thompson always accompanies him, and gets as much pleasure as he does out of camp life. She is an expert with the fly, rod, and has landed a five-pound salmon and several trout of the same weight, unaided. Her first deer was shot in the fall of 1894, up in the Dead River region. This trip both her husband and her son accompanied her, but her deer was the first shot by the party, though her husband and a friend each got one a few days later. Mrs. Thompson is also fond of partridge hunting, and has killed a great many birds.

Probably no person, man or woman, ever enjoyed a moose hunt more than did Miss Zella Milhau of Brooklyn enjoy a hunt in the fall of 1895, during which she shot and killed a big bull moose, near Pratt Pond, in Aroostook county. The party included Mrs. Mary Dudley of Presque Isle, Miss Lucy F. Tanney of Houlton, Miss Milhau and Mr. Wm. F. Penney of New York, besides the guides, one of whom I afterwards heard tell the story of the hunt. The destination of the party was Pratt Pond or lake, about sixty miles north-west from Presque Isle. The day the party arrived in camp, Mr. Penney and one of the guides found the trail of two deer, but did not think it worth while to follow that trail until the guide suggested that by doing so

they might strike the trail of a moose, which was really what they were after. A tramp of three or four miles brought them to the bank of a small stream where they found four bucks quietly feeding. At the approach of the men the deer were off in an instant. This rather disconcerted Mr. Penney, but the guide imitated the call of the doe and soon had the largest buck back again and within range. Mr. Penney shot this buck without difficulty. Four days later, Nov. 8, 1895, the first moose track was struck, and Miss Milhau became famous. All the party, with the single exception of Mrs. Dudley, left the camp at daylight. Miss Milhau, Miss Tenney and one of the guides went in one direction while the others took a different path. Each party struck a trail not far from camp, and about ten o'clock the young ladies were brought to a stop by the guide.

"Now's your chance," he whispered. "If you can't bring down a moose now you never can. There's as fine a fellow as I ever saw."

"All right," replied Miss Milhau, not appearing in the least excited. "But I don't see the moose."

"Sh," whispered the guide. "Don't talk so loud. Don't you see him behind those two little saplings?"

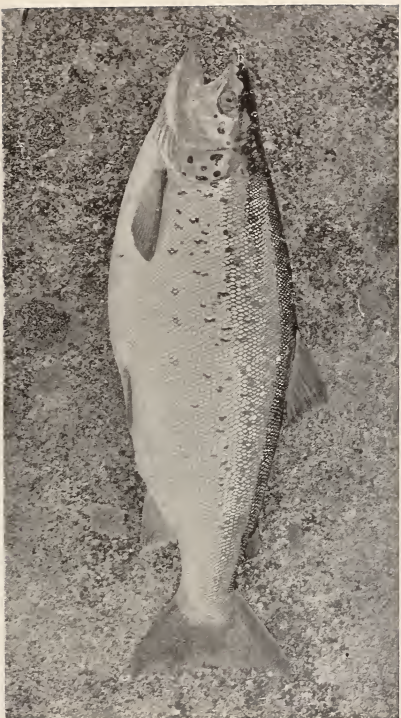
The girls looked in the direction indicated, and sure enough there stood a big bull moose, nibbling at the branches of a small evergreen tree, and not more than a hundred feet from them. Miss Milhau didn't waste any time but quietly raised her rifle to her shoulder, took careful aim and fired. The first shot failed to kill the animal and he jumped out into the open, where Miss Milhau quickly killed him with a second shot. The moose was a battle-scarred veteran, and the guide said that the scars on his neck indicated that he had taken part in many a fight. The animal was estimated to be ten years old, and was a very large and heavy moose. There were nine points on the antlers. Mr. Penney shot a smaller and younger bull the same day, and these two were all the moose killed by this party on this trip. Miss Milhau avows herself very fond of moose hunting, and well she may be.

Miss Grace A. Hobert of East Bridgewater, Mass., always accompanies her father on his fishing excursions, and spends several weeks in the Rangeley region each summer. The experts with rod and fly say she is as good a hand at fly casting as the best of them, and she always makes a splendid record, of which any angler might well be proud. She is very fond of the sport and enjoys life in the woods as well as her father, which is saying a good deal.

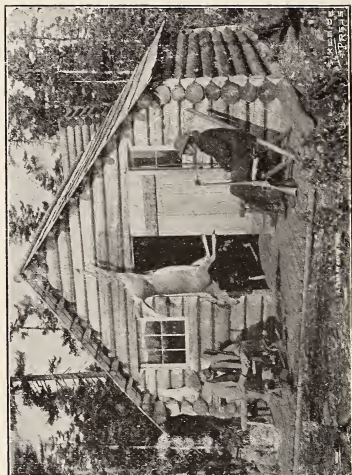
Miss Hattie M. Richards, 23 years old, of 130 West 86th street, New York, whose father, J. R. Richards, owns Camp Rustic, at the Chain of Ponds, shot and killed one of the largest bears ever killed in the Dead River region, August 24, 1897, the second shot from her rifle proving fatal to the monster, which weighed over 400 lbs. Miss Richards had shot several deer, but this was her first bear. She is an expert with both rod and gun, and dearly loves life in the forest.

Scores of women now whip the waters for trout in Maine, with a knowledge and ability that would astonish their sisters who do not fish, and a good many don hunting costume in the fall of the year and give chase to the deer, caribou and moose, and mayhap the bear, with their husbands or brothers, kill their game in the same way and enjoy the hunt as much, even though some of their friends may consider it unladylike—which it certainly is not, if all ladies who hunt are like those I have had the pleasure of meeting in the woods, and out.

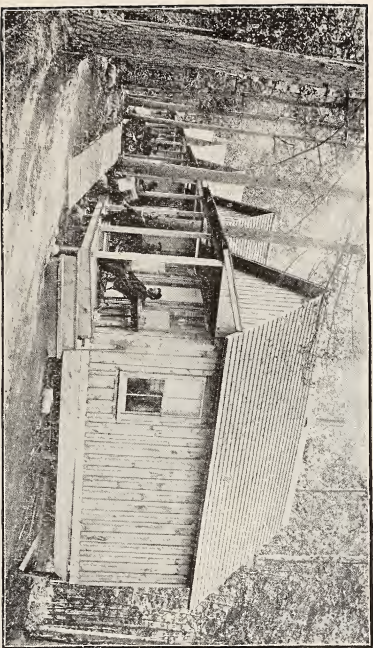




11-LB. RANGELEY LAKE SALMON CAUGHT BY W. T. PATTEN OF LOWELL, MASS.



A CAMP AT BEAVER POND.



PINE POINT CAMPS, LAKE WEBB, WELD.



GREENE'S FARMHOUSE AND COTTAGES, COPLIN.

WHO THE GUIDES ARE.

THE following is a list of reliable guides from all parts of the state, from whom any further information regarding any particular location may be obtained at any time.

Adams, I. R., Stratton.
Allen, Fred R., Farmington.
Anderson, Charles, Smyrna Mills.
Arnold, Ambrose, Shirley.
Atkins, William, Ox Bow.
Attean, Mitchell, Old Town.
Attean, John Jr., Old Town.
Austin, Frank W., Fort Kent.
Averill, D. C., Temple.
Ballard, Benj., Schoodic.
Bartlett, Reuben, Schoodic.
Bennett, Daniel, Wilson's Mills.
Bennett, Edgar M., Wilson's Mills.
Bennett, Ernest, Wilson's Mills.
Bennett, Archie, Wilson's Mills.
Bell, Louis, Smyrna Mills.
Berry, W. M., Eustis.
Blethen, Bailey, Abbott.
Boynton, Llewellyn, Norcross.
Brackett, Fred, Stacyville.
Brackett, Thomas D., Carrabassett.
Blackwell, Dion, Flagstaff.
Brackett, O. R., Flagstaff.
Brown, C. R., Patten.
Brown, James, Alton.
Brown, Fred, Schoodic.
Brown, Albert, Katahdin Iron Works.
Bumps, A. D., Milo.

Burgess, Joseph, Eustis.
Butterfield Bros., Patten.
Butterfield, Wesley, Patten.
Burbank, E., Flagstaff.
Bucknam, Walter, Wilson's Mills.
Byron, B. O., Linneus.
Calder, Fred, Kineo.
Calder, John, Kineo.
Callaghan, D. R., Greenville.
Campbell, Charles, Carrabassett.
Capino, Frank, Greenville.
Campbell, Gordon, Eustis.
Carr, Nat., Rangeley.
Carey, Thomas, Veazie.
Carleton, G. M., Rangeley.
Child, A. M., Weld.
Chase, Francis, Moro.
Chase, Owen, Milo.
Classian, Sebathis, Old Town.
Cole, Samuel, Greenville Junction.
Colbath, Miles, Greenville Junction.
Collins, John, Rangeley.
Collins, James, Rangeley.
Condon, Charles, Moro.
Conley, Martin, Katahdin Iron Works.
Coburn, C. C., Patten.
Coburn, H. A., Weld.
Cooper, George, Patten.
Copeland, Ed., Patten.
Coughlin, John, Katahdin Iron Works.
Corlis, Albert, Patten.
Coolidge, Alvin, Upton.
Crandall, B., Burleigh.
Crummet, A., Patten.
Crummet, Orville, Patten.
Crocker, H. S. Lexington.
Crocker, Hiram, Lexington.
Cushman, H. R. Norcross.
Curtis, Delbert, Monticello.
Cummings, ———, Caribou.

Curtis, Frank, Perham.
Cram, F. G., Grindstone.
Currier, A., Ox Bow.
Cutting, Charles H., Andover.
Cutting, Will. Andover.
Cutting, George H., Andover.
Cutting, Oscar, Andover.
Crozier, Will, Milo.
Crozier, Fred, North Twin Dam.
Cricker, James, Norcross.
Crosby, Rufus, Rangeley.
Craft, Benj., Stark, N. H.
Davis, Charles, Monson.
Davis, Herbert A., Monson.
Davis Bros., Hersey.
Davis, Joseph, Stillwater.
Davis, Frank, Stillwater.
Davenport, Alonzo, Chesuncook Lake.
Dana, Thomas, Kineo.
Daisey, Washington, Norcross.
Daisey, John, Norcross.
Daisey, George, Norcross.
Daisey, Alvah, Norcross.
Daisey, Charles, Norcross.
Day, John H., Eustis.
Day, George, Eustis.
Daggett Mark, Eustis.
Danico, Henry E., Stratton.
Darling, Augustus, Rangeley.
Decker, Frank, Stillwater.
Dennis, Joseph, Old Town.
Dill, J. J., Stacyville.
Dine, George, Masardis.
Dill, Henry, Rangeley.
Dickey, George, North Twin Dam.
Douglass, Fred, Monson.
Douglass, Andrew S., Eustis.
Douglass, George W., Eustis.
Douglass, W. W., Eustis.
Douglass, Augustus B., Eustis.

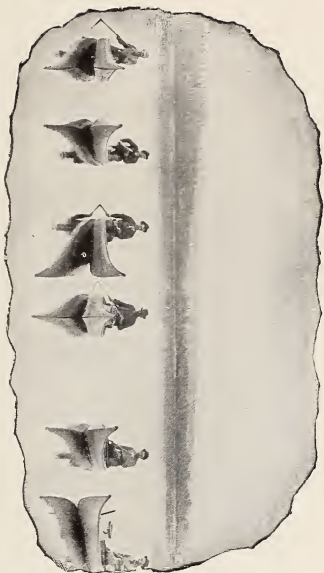
Douglass, A. B., Flagstaff.
Dohoney, Con, Kineo.
Doane, Ivory, Veazie.
Dorman, Melvin, Presque Isle.
Donahue, E. L. Flagstaff.
Dolbier, Bert E., Kingfield.
Dudley, LeRoy, Stacyville.
Dudley, Mark. Stacyville.
Duff, James, Old Town.
Dunham, Silas, Phillips.
Edgerly, Byron, Costigan.
Eastman, John, Millsfield, N. H.
Emery, W. S., Eustis.
Eames, Harvey, Flagstaff.
Ellingwood, Fred, Upton.
Esler, George, Sebec.
Estes, Thomas, Stillwater.
Evans, Ralph, Monticello.
Farley, Clarence, Bridgewater.
Farnum, Edward, Norcross.
Farris, G. W., North Twin Dam.
Fowles, B. L., Boyd Lake.
Fowles, Linden, Boyd Lake.
Fortin, Charles, Norcross.
Folsom, Levi, Kineo.
Folsom, Homer, Kineo.
Fowles, Belia, Norcross
Fowles, Fred, Medway.
Fortiner, Charles, Norcross.
Flint, A. R., Ashland.
Flint, Pearl, Wilson's Mills.
Flint, Arthur, Wilson's Mills.
Flint, Spot, Wilson's Mills.
Francis, Joseph, Old Town.
Francis, Sabatha, Old Town.
Francis, Henry, Old Town.
Francis Mitchell, Olamon.
Francis, John M., Olamon.
Fuller, Martin L., Rangeley.
Fuller, H. R., Temple.



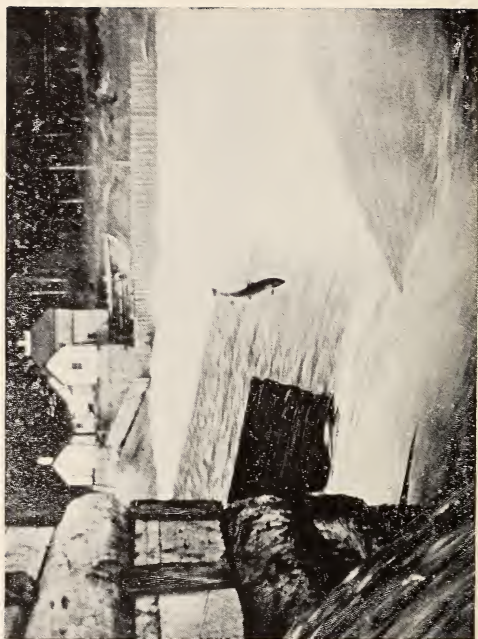
THE RANGELEY LAKE HOUSE.



AROOSTOOK BEAUTIES.



WHITHER AWAY ?



AROOSTOOK SALMON JUMPING THE FALLS.

The Sportsman's Paradise.

King and Bartlett Camps,

Dead River Region, Maine.

PROSPECTUS:—King and Bartlett Camps are situated in the heart of the Dead River region, about midway between Rangeley and Moosehead Lakes and at an altitude of 1500 feet above the level of the sea, in the midst of a forest, and near which a natural lithia spring has been recently discovered. This is practically a new country for sportsmen, as it has been fished only four years, thus obviating the trouble with many fishing grounds, that is, not having been fished to death. King and Bartlett Lakes abound with square tails ranging in weight from one to four pounds, and frequently one is landed that weighs five pounds, or more. They are very gamy fish and a three-pounder will keep a common angler extremely busy until he is landed. One mile from the main camp is Little King and Bartlett Lake. This lake was stocked four years ago with land-locked salmon and will be open for fishing this year for the first time, thus ensuring, unless all signs fail, an abundance of excellent salmon fishing. Two miles from the main camp the fisherman comes to Big Spencer Stream, where can be had five miles of the best dead or quick water fishing one could wish for in his wildest dreams. Camps have been built here, connected with which are Rangeley boats for the accommodation of those wishing to remain a day or more. As sample of what can be done here, we give the following: W. J. Epting, E. Biddell and two friends, all of Philadelphia, Pa., in eight hours' fishing in this stream, caught 1000 trout, all of which were returned to the water. Four miles from the main camp is Big Spencer Lake, where new log cabins have been built and new Rangeley boats put in the lake and everything put in first-class condition for a person or a party to stay as long as he or they wish. The lake abounds in trout or togue, weighing from one to twenty pounds, thus assuring an abundance of sport. The forests surrounding this region abound in game of all kinds, moose, deer and caribou being seen daily.

EXPENSE:—The rates are \$2.00 per day for any time under two weeks; any time over two weeks, \$10.50 per week. Guides will be furnished upon application.

HOW TO GET THERE:—Trains leave Union Station, Boston, Mass., via B. & M. R. R., Eastern Division, from track No. 13 at 9 a. m., every day except Sunday. Buy your ticket from Boston, Mass., to Eustis, Me., and return, (\$13.00 for the round trip) and take a buckboard from Eustis to the camp.

REFERENCES:—Owing to lack of space, I give but three references, but will be pleased to furnish others upon application. Mr. Howard Beck, No. 56 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. Mr. J. W. Vivian, No. 183 Congress Street, Boston, Mass. Mr. W. J. Epting, 2005 Green Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

OPENING OF THE SEASON:—The season will open about the Middle of May. For any further information required, address HARRY PIERCE, Eustis, Me. Or, F. H. LATHROP, (Boston Correspondent), 72 Rutland Street, Boston, Mass.

Fuller, U. Grant, Stratton.
Gardner, Ernest, Smyrna Mills.
Gay, E. G., Farmington,
Gerrish, Luther M., Norcross.
Gerrish, Frank, Norcross.
Gerrish, Wesley, Brownville.
Giles, Steven, Patten.
Gile, Benj., Rangeley.
Gile, Philbrick, Rangeley.
Godfrey, Arthur, Old Town.
Gray, Granville M., Old Town.
Grant & Swett, Ox Bow.
Grant, Ed., Beaver Pond.
Grant, William, Beaver Pond.
Green, Luther, Norcross.
Green, Charles, Flagstaff.
Greenleaf, J. B., Abbott.
Guild, W. D., Temple.
Hale, Charles, Norcross.
Hall, John, Greenville.
Harris, Charles, Milo.
Harris, Benj. C., Brownville.
Harris, Elmer E., Brownville.
Haskell, Alfred, Schoodic.
Haskell, A. R., Schoodic.
Hawthorne, ———, Schoodic.
Haynes, Bert, Amherst.
Haynes, Guy, Amherst.
Harris, C. S., Milo.
Hale, John, Norcross.
Hale, Elmer, Norcross.
Hale, Dudley, Norcross,
Hale, Daniel, Norcross.
Haile, Laforest, Norcross.
Hall, P. C., Stratton.
Harlow, H. H., Dead River.
Harlow, H. S., Dead River.
Harlow, J. G., Dead River.
Haley, Charles, Rangeley.
Haines, Will, Rangeley.

Haley, Ora, Rangeley.
Haines, David, Strong.
Harnden, Charles, Phillips.
Heath, Walter C., Norcross.
Hewey, Robert, Andover.
Hewett, Herbert, Stratton.
Heywood, D. E., Camp Caribou.
Hodgkins, W. L., Lake View.
Hodgkins, Cyrus, Costigan.
Hobbs, W. L., Milo,
Hobbs, B. C., Schoodic.
Hobbs, Bert F., Brownville.
Hopkins, D. W., Norcross.
Houston, Bert, Perham.
Houston, George, Perham.
Howard, M. C., Brownville.
Holmes, Henry, Norcross.
Howlett, Wm. M., Bridgewater.
Hobbs, Henry, Allen's Mills.
Horton, Herbert R., Eustis.
Hinkley, Eben, Rangeley.
Hinkley, Ebenezer, Rangeley.
Hinkley, Clarence, Rangeley.
Hinkley, Vid, Rangeley.
Herrick, John, Rangeley.
Hill, Clark, Rangeley.
Houghton, J. B., Weld.
Hunt, I. O., Norcross.
Hunt, J., Stacyville.
Hussey, Ed., Guildford.
Hussey, E. W., Abbott.
Huson, Hazen D., Sprague's Mills.
Hutchins, David, Katahdin Iron Works.
Huston, Albert, Caribou.
Higgins, John C., Allen's Mills.
Higgins, E. M., Allen's Mills.
Huntoon, John, Rangeley.
Huntoon, George D., Rangeley.
Huntoon, George H., Rangeley.
Huntoon, William, Rangeley.

Ireland, James, Burleigh.
Jones, A. M., Stratton.
Jones, Ellis, Stratton.
Jones, E. S., Stratton.
Jones, George C., Carritunk.
Kalton, John, Ox Bow.
Kennedy, ———, Greenville Junction.
Ketchum, Louis, Old Town.
Ketchum, John F., Robinson's.
Knight, Z. B., Brownville.
Knight, Ernest, Schoodic.
Lacrosse, Joseph, Kineo.
Lane, Henry, Monson.
Lane, C. F., Stillwater.
Laney, Ed., Greenville.
Lambert, Bernice, Eustis.
Lander, Herbert S., Eustis.
Leman, Sewal, Monson.
Lishness, Payson, Eustis.
Linnel, Marshal, Wilson's Mills.
Lowell, Albion T., Norcross.
Longley, Silas, Flagstaff.
Lockyear, William, Eustis.
Luce, F. G., Allen's Mills.
Lufkin, Weston, Madrid.
Lufkin, Archie, Madrid.
Lyon, Newell, Old Town.
Lyshon, Charles, Alton.
Mansell, Allen, Greenville.
Mason, Murray, Patten.
Masterman, E. G. Moosehead.
Marston, Charles E., Andover.
Mayo, Joseph, Stratton.
Mathieson, James, Rangeley.
McKay, Robert, Perham.
McKay, Ira D., Ashland.
McKinney, W. S., Patten.
McKinney, Frank, Patten.
McKinney, Ira, Patten.
McLain, A., Brownville.



BEMIS, FROM THE LAKE.



THE BIRCHES, MOOSELOOKMEGUNTIC LAKE.

McLellan, Frank, Old Town.
McManus, ———, Moro.
McPheters, Abner, Old Town.
McPheters, Andrew B., Costigan.
McPheters, Reed, Costigan.
McPheters, Walter F., Costigan.
McNally, Fred, Ashland.
McCard, B., Rangeley.
Meservey, Timothy, Greenville Junction.
Mitchell, Oscar, Kineo.
Mitchell, John B., Old Town.
Mitchell, John D., Old Town.
Mitchell, A. T., Shirley.
Mitchell, B. D., Andover.
Mitchell, William, Andover.
Mosher, William E., Farmington.
Morris, Clair, Kineo.
Moriarty, William, Old Town.
Moody, D. A., Stratton.
Morse, Steve, Rangeley.
Moore, Herbert L., Rangeley.
Myers, William, Rangeley.
Nason, Caldwell, Patten.
Nephane, John, Old Town.
Nephane, Newell, Old Town.
Newton, John W., Andover.
Newton, Harvey, Andover.
Newton, George M., Andover.
Nichols, Charles, Kineo.
Nichols, Peter M., Old Town.
Nichols, Louis, Old Town.
Nichols, G. W., Old Town.
Nicols, Fred, Old Town.
Oakes, George, Rangeley.
Oakes, K. W., Rangeley.
Oakes, John, Rangeley.
Oakes, Arthur L., Rangeley.
Oakes, Irvin, Rangeley.
Oglebie, Andrew, Rangeley.
Olson, John, Wilson's Mills.

Oneal, James, West Seboois.
Orcutt, Leon W., Ashland.
Packard, Willard, Bridgewater.
Pallard, R. N., Masardis.
Palmer, Linn, Patten.
Patterson, Willmont, Rangeley.
Perkins, Emery, Boyd Lake.
Peavey, Clarence, Ox Bow.
Peavey, George, Ox Bow.
Perry, Daniel, Sherman.
Perkins, Solomon, Smyrna Mills.
Palmer, Herbert, Patten.
Pomroy, Vestus, West Seboois.
Pomroy, Daniel, West Seboois.
Pond, William H., Old Town.
Pond, Frank, Old Town.
Pooler, John, Stillwater.
Powers, Charles T., Norcross.
Powers, John, Norcross.
Powers, Freeman, Norcross.
Porter, Henry, Andover,
Porter, Robert, Ashland.
Porter, Rufus, Rangeley.
Porter, Will, Rangeley.
Porter, Frank, Rangeley.
Priest, Monford, Medway.
Priest, Charles, Medway.
Priest, Horace, Medway.
Phillips, Charles, Stratton.
Quint, John S., Eustis.
Randall, Charles, Milo.
Randall, Phil, Katahdin Iron Works.
Randall, Charles, Roach River.
Rankin, Ed., Sebec.
Reed, Fred, Medway.
Reed, Alvah, Medway.
Richardson, W., Sprague's Mills.
Richardson, Cornelius, Kennebago.
Richardson, Phineus, Kennebago.
Ronco, John T., Old Town.

Ronco, Peter W., Old Town.
Rigby, Will, Moro.
Roberts, John, Monticello.
Robenson, Alex, Grindstone.
Rogers, L. S., Brownville.
Ronco, Alfred, Greenville.
Ronco, George, Greenville.
Roundy, Melvin, Old Town.
Roberts, A. M., Andover.
Royal, Ed., Rangeley.
Robarge, Alex, Camp Caribou.
Robertson, Adolph, Weld.
Russell, Elliott, Rangeley.
Sawyer, Hosier, Jr., Masardis.
Sawyer, Andrew, Masardis.
Savage, Frank, Jr., Eustis.
Savage, Albion, Stratton.
Sargent, Herman, Madrid.
Scott, Victor, Norcross.
Sawtelle, A., Allen's Mills.
Scribner, M. P., Stratton.
Shay, Sebathis, Old Town.
Sholer, Fred, Smyrna Mills.
Smart, Thomas, Chesuncook Lake.
Smith, Baxter, Chesuncook Lake.
Smith, C. G., Abbott Village.
Smith, Charles, Chesuncook Lake.
Smith, Eugene, West Seboois.
Smith, Eugene, Costigan.
Smith, Fred, Brewer.
Smith, George, Greenville.
Smith, H. C., Monson.
Smith, Norman, West Seboois.
Smith, Norman, Old Town.
Smith, Henry, Ox Bow.
Smith, I. C., Greenville.
Smith, James A., Rangeley.
Sockbesin, Nicholas, Old Town.
Sockleaxis, Francis P., Old Town.
Soule, Eugene, Rangeley.

Soule, Aaron, Rangeley.
Soule, Charles, Rangeley.
Soule, Leslie, Rangeley.
Southard, Charles, Sprague's Mills.
Spearin & Ardon, Ox Bow.
Spearin, A. L., Olamon.
Spearing, John, Orano.
Spencer, Jewett, Costigan.
Spencer, James, Veazie.
Spencer, Fred, Costigan.
Sprague, Alvah, Rangeley.
Spinney, Russ, Rangeley.
Spinney, Will, Allen's Mills.
Stevens, D. G., Henderson.
Stevens, J. W., Henderson.
Stinchfield, H. L., Norcross.
Stimpson, F. H., Smyrna Mills.
St. Ober, Joseph, Eustis.
Standish, George W., Flagstaff.
Stetson, Wesley, Rangeley.
Story, Robert, Wilson's Mills.
Skofield, Fessenden, Weld.
Stockbridge, Ellsworth, Weld.
Swett, Walter, Moro.
Swett, Waler, Ox Bow.
Swett, Henry, Weld.
Swett, Chester, Weld.
Swett, Charles, Weld.
Swett, Ezra, Weld.
Sutherland, George, Portage Lake.
Sylvester, John W., Eustis.
Sylvester, William A., Eustis.
St. John, William, Golden Ridge.
Tarr, L. F., Kingfield.
Taylor, W. G., Stratton.
Tainter, Abel, Weld.
Thombs, W. R., Monson.
Thomas, George P., Eustis,
Therrian, Ned, Eustis.
Tibbetts, Frank, Katahdin Iron Works.

Tibbetts, F. E., Milo Junction.
Tibbetts, Frank, Milo.
Tibbetts, Freeman, Rangeley.
Tower, Sebathis, Old Town.
Toothaker, Charles, Rangeley.
Tracy, M. M., Stacyville.
Trask, Harry, Weld.
Tremblay, Henry, Greenville.
Turcott, Peter, Greenville.
Twombly, Walter, Rangeley.
Tyler, M. S., Blanchard.
Vaughn, Frank, Greenville.
Viles, Julian K., Eustis.
Walker, B. R., Island Falls.
Welch, N. M., Katahdin Iron Works.
West, Charles, Houlton.
West, Charles, Moro.
White, Alfonso, Old Town.
White, E. M., Old Town.
Whitcomb, Arthur, Easton.
Whitehouse, Ed., Sherman Mills.
Winslow, Arthur, Westfield.
Witham, Otis R., Eustis.
Wing, Warren, Flagstaff.
Wing, Cliff, Flagstaff.
Wilbur, Warren, Rangeley.
Wilbur, John R., Rangeley.
Wilbur, Joseph, Rangeley.
Wilbur, John J., Rangeley.
Witham, Charles, Madrid.
Woodcock, George, Carrabassett.
Wyman, Myles H., Eustis.

This is not a list of the registered guides of the state, but a picked list of men whom the author has good reason to believe are thoroughly reliable and trust-worthy.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

WE desire to call the attention of sportsmen to the advertisements in this book. They are all thoroughly reliable, interesting and newsy in the best sense of the word. Patronize those who advertise here.

We are indebted to the *Phillips Phonograph* and to the Bangor & Aroostook railroad for several of the fine half-tone engravings in this work, also to these and to the Maine Central, Portland & Rumford Falls, Sandy River, Phillips & Rangeley and Franklin & Megantic railroads, and to the several steamboat companies and hotels and camps in the hunting and fishing regions of the state, for many favors received.

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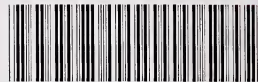
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